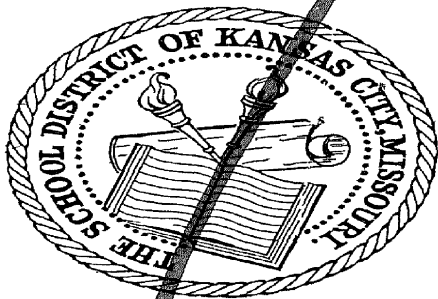


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KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND FIRST FOLIO
(1623) EDITIONS.

KING HENRY V.

PARALLEL TEXTS OF THE FIRST QUARTO (1600) AND
FIRST FOLIO (1623) EDITIONS.

With an Introduction

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.

With an Introduction

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

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CLAY AND TAYLOR, BUNGAY.

INTRODUCTION.

IN submitting this work to the members of the New Shakspeare Society, it is desirable that I should state how I came to be engaged on it, and for what share in it I am responsible. It was commenced by Dr Brinsley Nicholson, under whose supervision the reprints of the 1st Q^o and 1st F^o editions of the play were issued to the Society in 1875. The present work was then taken in hand, the texts arranged, and elaborate collations of the several quarto and folio editions made. Proofs of the first few pages were actually prepared by the printer in January 1876, when illness compelled Dr Nicholson to suspend his labours.

In the mean time it will be understood that the type which had been set up for the simple reprints of the texts had still to remain in its form, awaiting re-arrangement for this edition, and was therefore unavailable for the general work of the printing-office.

In November last it became a question, in which both the economy of the Society and the convenience of the printer were concerned, whether the work on which so much loving care and labour had been expended was to be abandoned, or whether it could be carried to completion by another hand. In this emergency, and encouraged thereto by our Director, Mr Furnivall, I volunteered my services.

The whole body of the work and the marginal notings are distinctly the work of Dr Nicholson, but I must add that for any short-comings in them, the responsibility must fall on my shoulders. In his hands the marginal notes would have been very much more minute than they now are.

Unfortunately, although he had accumulated materials, he had not completed their arrangement, and not feeling my ability to carry out his intentions to their full extent, I found myself compelled to sacrifice much that was already prepared. I believe, however, that everything essential to the study of the texts will be found in its place, but should it hereafter appear desirable to give additional fulness to the work, it is to be hoped that Dr Nicholson may himself supplement my deficiencies.

In this edition the text of the folio is printed, line for line, as in the original. Each page presents half a column of the folio—the number of the page and column being noted within brackets on the left hand of the text, at top. The Acts, Scenes, and lines are also numbered on the left hand.

In the Q^o page the Acts, Scenes, and lines are numbered on the right hand of the text. It must be borne in mind that the scenes of the Q^o are numbered to correspond with those of the F^o thus the Q^o not having any scene corresponding with Sc. i of

F° its first scene is numbered II to agree with the F°; and in one place—Act IV Sc iv. & v—for the same reason, the order of the two scenes in the Q° has been reversed.

The lines of the Q° text are in the sequence of the original, but the text itself is necessarily much broken up in order to bring its several parts as nearly as possible in apposition with the corresponding passages of the F° text. The end of each page of the Q° is indicated by the printing within brackets of the signatures of the original edition: thus at page 14, [20 A 2] signifies that line 20 of the text ends page A 2 of the Q°, and so throughout.

In some places the latter half of a line of the Q° text has been dropped in order to make it correspond with the F°: thus on page 14, line 6 has been printed,—

King Shme we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed

to correspond with lines 10 & 11 of F° text.

Again, and for the same reason, two lines of the Q° are printed as one, the division being thus marked ||, as in page 18, lines 67-8,—

Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vnwinde your bloody flagges

In the 3rd Q°, 1608, many of the lines of Q° 1 were re-arranged by its editor or printer, the Q° 3 arrangement is marked in our text by the usual divisional sign /. Thus, page 24, line 108 becomes two lines in Q° 3 ending *egs, cat*, and line 118 two lines, ending *heauen, functions*. Sometimes in Q° 3 two lines of Q° 1 are printed as one, and in a few places some words were added to the text: these cases will be found noted in the margin.

Cross references to corresponding passages which it was not possible to place in apposition, are printed within the texts in brackets. Thus, page 36 [lines 83-4 fol] refers the reader to those lines of the same scene in the folio text, page 41, which correspond with lines 16-17 of the Q°.

I regret to say that these cross references are not so complete as it was evidently the intention of Dr Nicholson to make them. Finding, in his MS., references of this kind throughout the work, I rashly concluded that all had been noted, and it was not till the whole body of the work had passed through the press, and I was enabled to take a more leisurely and comprehensive view of it for the purpose of this introduction, that I discovered the deficiencies. They are not many, however, and the additional inter-references that might have been given are nearly all within the corresponding scenes of Q° and F°, and frequently within the two opposite pages of our texts. The student will have no difficulty in discovering for himself the separated passages, and for the casual reader who requires to be knowledge-clammed, I confess I have but small sympathy.

With regard to the marginal notings when there can be no doubt as to the word or words of the text to which the marginal variation refers, the text is not quoted in the margin. Thus, page 22, line 81, *gaunst* of Q° 3 clearly refers to the *agaunst* of the text. When, however, there is a radical difference in the variation, the text is quoted behind the bracket, thus in line 82 of the same page, *for*] *agaunst* 2. signifies that Q° 2 in place of *for* of the text has *agaunst*. The number of that edition only in which the

variation is found, follows the marginal note. When the marginal variation is found in all editions subsequent to the text, no number follows it thus (same page) line 94, no number following the marginal note *fear'd*, it is understood that the two quartos subsequent to our text agree in this variation.

The same principle which regulates the marginal notings of the Q^o text applies also to that of the F^o

The Title-page of Q^o 1 is of course given in full, page 2 of our text. The only noticeable variations in the title-pages of the two subsequent quartos are in the imprint

Q^o 2 has,— ' | London | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas | Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, | at the sign of the Cat and Parrets neare | the Exchange, 1602. | '

Q^o 3 has only,— ' | Printed for T. P. 1608 | '

The author's name is not given on any of these title-pages

The 2nd and 3rd Q^{os} were both printed from the 1st, their variations from that edition, as Dr Nicholson has remarked in his notice to the reprint of Q^o 1, neither aid in determining its character nor in the correction of the folio text

The Q^o text has 1623 lines, printed throughout as verse, but with little regard to the proper division of the verse lines, and of course none at all as regards the prose.

For the F^o text I take the lines as metrically numbered in the Globe edition, for the play itself 3256 lines, add for Choruses 223 lines = total 3479 lines. Very nearly one-third of the dialogue, or 1060 lines, is placed in the mouth of King Henry

The two principal points which this parallel-texts edition may assist in determining are,—

1. The value of the Q^o as regards the revision of the text. Three lines from it (ll. 1. 79, iv. 3. 43, & iv. 5. 16) have been received into many modern editions. It enables us also to correct, with something like certainty, a few words in the folio text which had been blundered by the punter, and here and there it affords some support to what, at the best, can only be considered as conjectural emendations of that text. This, I think, is the utmost that can be said for it. It does not, as is the case with other 'imperfect' quartos, enable us to restore any passage of importance which there is reason to think may have been accidentally omitted in the folio. In what it does give of the fuller text, its variations are generally for the worse.

2. The question whether the Q^o is to be accepted as the author's first sketch of the play, or to be rejected as a mere imperfect and corrupted version of the play as it appears in the folio edition.

This question is of great interest to many students, for its determination in the affirmative would, they believe, afford some reasonable starting-point from which to trace the development of Shakespeare's method of composition from its first conception to its perfect growth.

Some enquiry as to the date of production of the play is here necessary.

In the Chorus at the beginning of Act V the following passage occurs —

'Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him !¹

This is universally received as an allusion to the expedition of the Earl of Essex, and if so, must have been written between the date of his departure for Ireland, 15th April, 1599, and his return to London, 28th Sept in the same year. This being granted, it is scarcely possible to imagine that any portion of the play could have been written after that date. Nor can we suppose that any portion of it was written long before that date. It was certainly written after the second part of *Henry IV*, as the promise of it in the epilogue of that play sufficiently proves —

'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katherine of France where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions,' etc

The earliest date assigned to this second part of *Henry IV* is 1596, but the latest, 1598, is more probably the right one¹. Meres, who in his '*Wits Treasury*,' 1598, mentions '*Henry the 4*,' is silent as regards *Henry V*., and it is by no means certain that in his mention of *Henry IV* he included both parts of that play.

On the whole, then, we may reasonably conclude that 1599 is the date to be assigned to *Henry V*., and that when in 1600 the 1st Quarto edition was published, the whole play, as we now have it in the Folio, was in existence, and had been produced on the stage.

It does not, however, necessarily follow that because the Q² was not printed till 1600, it therefore could not be an earlier version than that of 1599, though in any case its previous existence must have been very brief. Few plays got to the press until some time after their presentation on the stage, and it might be fairly argued that the appearance of the 1599 play was the cause of the disinterment and hasty printing of the 'first sketch', that being the only version the unscrupulous stationer could lay his hands on. The internal evidence therefore that the Q² itself affords is all that we have to rely on in forming our judgment as to its character.

Nearly all editors have expressed a more or less definite opinion as to the relation of the two versions of the play to each other, but few have deemed it necessary to adduce other than general arguments in support of their decision. Special proof either for or against the 'first sketch' theory seems yet a thing to be desired.

Pope, who in one note instances the Essex allusion as a proof that the play was written in 1599, in another asserts that in the folio the speeches are generally enlarged and raised, and that several whole scenes and all the choruses were added, since the edition of 1608 [Q₃].

Capell says of the quartos that they 'are all equally defective in a most high degree, and vicious in what they do give us' notwithstanding which, great use was to be made of them, and has been, in mending and completing the folio, the basis of the text of this play. The whole play as it lies in that folio, must have been written in the year '99, and in the spring of that year. The reverse of the Earl of Essex's fortunes, upon whom

¹ See Malone *Chronological Order of the plays*, p. 357, Vol II., Variorum Shakspeare, ed. 1821.

so handsome a compliment is made in the fifth Chorus, follow'd its composition so quickly, a presentation became improper, and the suppression of this Chorus, it is probable drew on that of the others. From this lame representation, in which the play might be otherwise mangl'd by the persons presenting it, the quarto of 1600 was certainly pirated, by some scribe of profound ignorance, set to work by the printer.

Johnson apparently believed the Q^o to be a first sketch. In a note on Act II sc. 11, he remarks, 'This whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition;' and in a note on Act IV sc. vii., he speaks of the play [the folio version] as a 'second draught.'

Steevens thought that the difference between the two copies might be accounted for by the elder (the Q^o) having been taken down during the representation, or collected from the repetitions of actors: the second and more ample edition (the F^o) being that which regularly belonged to the play-house.

Malone says,—'The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious, and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.' (*Chronological order*, etc.) Elsewhere, in a note on Act IV sc. vii., he says, 'The quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or hasty sketch of Shakspeare's.'

Boswell considers that 'the earliest editions are evidently corrupted and imperfect, and bear no marks of being the author's first conceptions.'

Other editors speak vaguely of 'additions' in the folio, thereby leaving it to be inferred that in their opinion the Q^o represents an earlier and independent version of the play.

Knight holds the Q^o edition, though surreptitiously obtained, and not printed till after the appearance of the fuller folio version, to be a genuine copy of an earlier and shorter play, written perhaps hastily for a temporary purpose. He considers that the fuller version is manifestly and beyond question, from beginning to end, the result of the author's elaboration of this first sketch, and, in proof of this, in his Introductory Notice, and in his notes to the play, he specially directs attention to the following passages —

Act I sc. 11	Q ^o ll. 4-20—F ^o ll. 8-34	} Instances of careful elaboration in folio
Act II sc. 1	Q ^o ll. 150-57—F ^o ll. 223-35	
	The whole scene exhibits the greatest care in remodelling the text of the quarto	
Act II sc. 11.	F ^o ll. 105-142	'Treason . . fall of man' Exhibits the hand of the master elaborating his original sketch
Act III. sc. ii	The whole scene greatly changed and enlarged Completely remodelled	
Act III. sc. vii	Greatly extended in the folio—greatly improved by the extension	
Act IV. sc. v.	A curious example of the mode in which the text of the folio was expanded and amended	
Act V sc. 1.	The whole scene remodelled	

Mr Collier's theory differs somewhat from all others—he supposes Shakespeare to have written a first play with the Choruses as we now have them—that the Q^o, omitting these Choruses, gives but a very imperfect representation of that play—and that the enlarged drama as found in the folio was not put into the complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before 1605, the date when it was played at Court

Note that this date, 1605, is founded on Mr P Cunningham's '*Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels*', page 204—

'On the 7 January was played the play of Henry the fifth'

I fear, however, that the Shakespeare entries in Mr Cunningham's '*Extracts*,' etc.—which have been declared by Sir T Duffus Hardy, and the best judges in England, to be forgeries—can hardly now be considered a sufficiently solid foundation for any theory

As a specimen of the abridgment and corruption of the Q^o Mr Collier cites lines 150-157, Act I sc ii of Q^o,—lines specially relied on by Knight in support of his theory of elaboration—and as an instance of the way in which lines were misheard and misreported, he refers to lines 84-5 Q^o—142-4 F^o of the same scene *England* in the Q^o being misreported for *in-land* of F^o text

Hallwell regards the quartos as mutilated copies only of Shakespeare's drama, and he considers it in the highest degree improbable that they represent an author's imperfect sketch. He thinks it most likely that they were compiled from short-hand notes taken at the theatre

The Cambridge Editors incline 'to agree with Mr Collier and others in the supposition that the Quarto text was "hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together"'

Mr Grant White says of the Q^o, 'it is manifest that that edition was published in great haste, from manuscript obtained in the most surreptitious and inefficient manner.' Of its text he remarks that it is 'so mutilated, as well as so incomplete, that it is quite impossible to decide by internal evidence whether the manuscript from which it was printed represents, even imperfectly, an early form of the play, or still more imperfectly the completed work as it appears in the folio.'

Without the aid afforded us by comparison with the folio edition, it would, I admit, be a matter of extreme difficulty to determine the position of the Q^o, with it, however, a reasonably certain decision may, I think, be arrived at

The opinion I have formed from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the F^o) was shortened for stage representation, the abridgment done with little care, and printed in the Q^o edition with less—probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained and vamped up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done. Indeed it is quite possible that the whole of the quarto edition was obtained in this manner, and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse, would seem to lend some support to this conjecture. The fact, also, that the publishers of the Q^o were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these editions are of doubtful authenticity. [See Mr Fleay's Table of Q^o editions, pages 44-5, *Trans. N. Sh. Soc.* 1874, Part I.]

With regard to the more stately scenes of the play, the chief difference between the F^o and Q^o versions is, that long passages are not found in the latter, these passages are, in my opinion, in nearly all cases precisely such as would have been cut out for the purpose of a shortened stage representation. The variations between those parts which are common to both editions are, after making allowance for error and corruption in both, but trifling.

The scenes in which the French king and his lords appear, seem, if my theory is correct, especially to have suffered in the abridgment.

The comic scenes are perhaps those on which it is most difficult to form a decided opinion. In so far as they are common to both versions, there are very few speeches in the F^o that have not their counterpart in the Q^o, but they are strangely disordered and incoherent in that edition. In some places quite perfect, in others they break down into what, on comparison with the F^o, would seem to be a mere jumble of disintegrated fragments. There, if anywhere, believers in the 'first sketch' theory might find some ground for their faith, but to me, bearing in mind the general condition of the Q^o text, however difficult it may be to prove the point, the most reasonable verdict must be—imperfect representation on the part of Q^o, not, after elaboration in F^o.

It would be an endless, and I venture to think a needless labour, now that the texts themselves are here in evidence, to attempt to weigh the pros and cons on every point liable to discussion throughout the play, and I shall therefore only adduce two instances in support of my opinion. These being, I think, indisputable, will also, I presume, be considered sufficient, for if in a single case it can be clearly proved, not that the Q^o is merely deficient in, but that it actually *omits* any portion of the F^o version, judgment may be allowed to pass on other places where the evidence is not of so convincing a character.

And here I must be allowed to observe that the mere fact of the Q^o being so much shorter than the F^o, is by no means a point in its favour, for we know that from the earliest times down to the present day the constant practice of the stage has been, and is, the shortening of the author's original work.

I must now ask the reader to turn to Act I. sc. ii. and compare lines 47—55 of Q^o with lines 67—91 of F^o.

'Hugh Capet also,'—says the Q^o. Why *also*? There is nothing in the Q^o to account for this adverb. We turn to the F^o and find that it is the case of King Pepin to which the Q^o refers, but which it *omits*. But this is not all, in the F^o after the case of Hugh Capet, there is next cited the case of King Lewes, who justified his possession of the crown as being descended from

'The daughter to Charles, the *foresaid* Duke of Loiraine'

The Q^o, which also has this line, makes no previous mention of this '*foresaid* Duke of Loiraine'. Again here is proof of *omission*. But still this is not all the Q^o further by its injudicious *omissions* actually makes Hugh Capet, who deposed and murdered Charles of Loiraine, fortify his title to the throne with the plea that he was descended from the daughter of this very Charles, confounding at the same time this daughter of Charles of Loiraine with the daughter of Charlemaigne, and then, rejoining the current

of the F^o, with it, it sums up all the three cases of kings who claimed in 'right and title of the female,' of two of which it has no previous mention. I have not overlooked the fact that, in this summing up, the Q^o turns *King Lewes* into *King Charles*, but this I look upon as a mere blunder, of no significance either for or against my argument, it might be noticed as an instance of corruption on the part of the Q^o, but has nothing to do with the question of *omission* with which I am principally concerned.

The other instance of omission on the part of the Q^o, which I shall notice, is that of an entire scene, Act IV sc 11 in the French Camp, commencing—'The Sunne doth gild our Armour'—and ending—

'Come, come away
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day'

It will be observed that the Q^o side of our book is here an absolute blank from the beginning to the end of the scene. At first sight this absolute blank might seem to have destroyed all evidence, but if we turn back to the *night* scene in the French Camp, Act III sc vii, we shall find that scene in the Q^o tagged, most inappropriately, with the couplet quoted above.

Here surely is a case from which we may infer that, at its best, Q^o 1 merely represents a version of the play shortened for the stage. The two scenes in the French Camp were to be cut down to one, and the person who did the job, without perceiving the blunder he was committing, wanting a tag to finish off with, brought in the sun at midnight!

Proof of *omission* is perhaps all that is needed for determining the position of the Q^o, but there is one other consideration which, I think, may have some weight in deciding the order of precedence of the Q^o or F^o.

The play, as is well known, is founded, for its historical part at least, on the *Chronicles*, probably exclusively on Holinshed's compilation. Now in the F^o version are certain historical errors not found in the Q^o edition. We must therefore either believe that these errors were the result of the elaboration of the 'first sketch' (the Q^o), or we must conclude that they were corrected in the 'shortened play' (the Q^o). The latter hypothesis seems to me the only tenable one.

This point—a new one I believe, at any rate I am not aware that it has been advanced before—suggested itself to me when making out a table showing the distribution of parts in the two versions. The table will be found at the end of this Introduction. From it it appears that, in so far as they have any share in the dialogue of the play, Ely, Westmoreland, Bedford, Britany, Rambures, Epingham, Grandpré, Macmorris, Jamy, Messenger ii 4, & iv 2, and the French Queen, disappear from the Q^o version, their parts, or what is given of their parts in the text, being distributed among other actors, and themselves, when their presence is required on the stage, represented by mute supernumeraries.

One speech by Ely (F^o i 2 168—174), which the *Chronicles* assign to Westmoreland, is given in the Q^o to *Lord*. I believe it was intended in the shortened play to lump it with Exeter's following speech, Westmoreland's part being cut out.

Westmoreland is not mentioned in the *Chronicles* as present at Agincourt—he had

charge to defend England against the inroads of the Scotch,—and he disappears from the Q^o. What remains of his part is divided between Warwick and Exeter, and in one place where in the folio he is mentioned in the dialogue (iv 3 21), in the Q^o Warwick's name is substituted.

Bedford also was not present at the battle, and though he is once mentioned in the text of the Q^o (iv 3 32),—an oversight of the corrector, I suppose,—what remains of his part is taken by Gloucester, with the exception of one speech (iv 3 7—9 Q^o), which is given to Clarence.

Clarence is not mentioned in the F^o till Act V sc 11, after the King's return to France, but according to the Chronicles he was present at the battle, and he appears in the Q^o. I am aware that the Chronicles say he had leave to return to England from Harfleur, but they nevertheless make him present at the battle.

For Britany, Act III sc v F^o, the Q^o has Bourbon, and I believe all editors from Theobald downwards (including Mr Knight) have accepted this change of personages as a correction.

The most remarkable correction—such I suppose it to be—in the Q^o, is the substitution of Bourbon for the Dauphin in Act III sc vii, and Act IV sc. v. The Dauphin was certainly not present at the battle, and even in the F^o, Act III sc v, we find that he was to stay with his father at Rouen. On this point Mr Johnes has the following note to his translation of Monstrelet's Chronicle, Cap cxlvii: 'The name of Sir Guichard Dauphin [See his name in the list of slain, Act IV sc viii l 97] appears to have betrayed Shakspeare into the error of making the Dauphin of France present at the battle of Agincourt, which he was not,—unless we suppose the error to be with the editors, in confounding two persons meant by Shakspeare to be distinct. In the camp scene before the battle, his Dauphin does not hold such a rank in the debate and conversation as is suitable to the heir of the French Monarchy, but precisely that which the master of the household might hold with propriety. In one scene, he is thus mentioned, "Enter Rambures, Châtillon, Dauphin, and others".'

I have given this note in full because it does not appear to have attracted the attention of any of Shakspeare's editors. Johnes, I presume, quoted the 'Entrance' with which he concludes his note from memory, and is of course wrong, there is none such in either Q^o or F^o, though it is true that 'Dolphin' is not placed in his due rank in the 'Entrances' to sc vi Act III, and sc. v Act IV. In the entry to sc 11 Act IV—omitted in Q^o—he ranks first as 'the Dolphin,' and in these scenes in the F^o, though he certainly is addressed with great familiarity, he is yet spoken of as *the* Dolphin, and a prince.

There is one other peculiarity in the Q^o which I should here mention—though whether it tells either for or against my notion that this re-distribution of parts in the Q^o indicates *correction* of F^o errors, I am unable to determine. In these French Camp scenes (iii 6, & iv 5), a personage named *Gebon* is introduced. In the first he has a speech which the F^o assigns to Orleans, and in the second an oath which the F^o gives to Constable. I cannot find in the Chronicles, in the list of the French Lords present at the battle, any name bearing any resemblance to *Gebon*, possibly it may have been the name of the actor who played one of the personages of these scenes, though

I do not find any name of that kind in the lists of actors of the Shakespearian period

To sum up all, it may then be with confidence asserted—

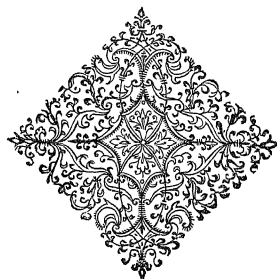
- 1 That the Q^o was certainly not printed from an authentic manuscript
 - 2 That when it was printed, the fuller version had already been in existence some time
 - 3 That in itself it contains evidence of *omission* of passages found in the fuller version
 - 4 That this circumstance, and the absence from it of certain historical errors found in the fuller version, are strong presumptive evidence of its later date, and, therefore, that instead of regarding it as the author's first sketch, we can only look on it as an imperfect copy of his work
-

The following table is made out, not from the 'Entrances' with which each scene is headed, and which are exceedingly inaccurate and defective in both Q^o and F^o, but from the prefixes to the speeches

The order in which the personages are arranged is that of the first scene, either of Q^o or F^o, in which they have a speech

The long dash in the dotted line shows the scenes in which they speak in the F^o, the short dash below the dotted line, the scenes in the Q^o

ACT I			ACT II			ACT III			ACT IV			ACT V		
1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3



ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE QUARTO 1600

I	ii	Enter, etc, <i>Bishops</i> should be <i>Bishops</i> ,	IV	vii	line 61, <i>no</i> should be <i>not</i>
I	ii	line 160, <i>I am</i> should be <i>have</i>	IV	viii	„ 85, <i>Masque</i> should be <i>Masque</i> ,
II	ii	„ 104, <i>death</i> , should be <i>death</i> ,	V	ii	„ 29, <i>any</i> should be <i>any</i>

ERRATA IN THE REPRINT OF THE FOLIO 1623

Page	1,	Fol.	line 33, <i>like</i> should be <i>like</i> ,	Page	60,	line 62, <i>Pistoll</i> should be <i>Pistoll</i>
"	5,	line 97, <i>I</i> should be <i>Is</i>	"	61,	" 85, <i>Bates</i> should be <i>Bat.s</i> ,	
"	15,	" 10, <i>Coronets</i> should be <i>Coronets</i> ,	"	64,	" 202, <i>between</i> should be <i>between</i>	
"	16,	" 37, <i>sife</i> should be <i>sife</i> ,	"	66,	" 278, <i>Days</i> should be <i>Days</i>	
"	23,	" 85, <i>here</i> should be <i>here</i> ,	"	67,	the numbers of lines 304 and 308 to be raised one line	
"	29,	" 24, <i>us</i> should be <i>us</i>	"	68,	line 13, <i>tears</i> should be <i>tears</i>	
"	30,	" 70, <i>present</i> should be <i>present</i>	"	69,	" 52, <i>Fly</i> should be <i>Flye</i>	
"	33,	" 17, <i>follow</i> should be <i>follow</i>	"	69,	" 55, <i>shews</i> should be <i>shews</i>	
"	36,	" 23, <i>Honour</i> should be <i>Honor</i>	"	81,	" 79, <i>masters</i> should be <i>masters</i> ,	
"	36,	" 30, <i>meant</i> should be <i>meant</i>	"	90,	" 41, <i>again</i> should be <i>again</i>	
"	41,	" 42, <i>awayd</i> should be <i>awayd</i> ?	"	93,	" 73, <i>native</i> should be <i>native</i>	
"	49,	" 108, <i>winner</i> should be <i>winner</i> .	"	93,	" 9, <i>face</i> should be <i>face</i> ,	
"	51,	" 168, <i>away</i> should be <i>away</i>	"	95,	" 54, <i>Hedges</i> should be <i>Hedges</i> ,	
"	51,	" 7, <i>Lord Con-</i> should be <i>Lord High Con-</i>	"	98,	" 145, <i>protestation</i> should be <i>protestation</i> ,	
"	53,	" 61, <i>have</i> should be <i>have</i>	"	99,	" 175, <i>of it</i> should be <i>of it</i> ,	
"	55,	" 125, <i>have</i> should be <i>have</i>	"	100,	" 236, <i>hand</i> should be <i>Hand</i>	
"	55,	" 140, <i>tellectual</i> should be <i>tellectuall</i>	"	105,	" 372, <i>Laagus</i> , should be <i>Laagus</i>	
"	56,	" 6, <i>almost</i> should be <i>almost</i>				
"	58,	" 26, <i>them</i> should be <i>them</i> ,				

KING HENRY V.

Parallel Texts of the First Quarto and First Folio
Editions, (Q₁) 1600, (F₁) 1623,

ARRANGED SO AS TO SHEW THEIR DIFFERENCES,

AND WITH

COLLATIONS OF THE OTHER QUARTOS AND FOLIOS

EDITED BY

DR B. NICHOLSON.

THE CRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,
With his battell fought at *Agm Court* in
France. Together with *Auntient*
Pistoll.

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*



L O N D O N

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be
fold at his house in Carter Lane, next
the Powle head. 1600.

MR WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
HISTOR[Y

of

The Life of Henry the Fifth.]

Published according to the True Originall Cop[y]

LONDON

Printed by Ifaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

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[P 69]

The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Fifth 3, 4

Enter Prologue

[COL 1]

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
 The brightest Heaven of Invention
 A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
 And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene
 Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
 Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
 (Leaft in, like Hounds) should Fame, Sword, and Fire
 Crouch for employment But pardon, Gentles all
 The flat unvarnished Spirits, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an Object Can this Cock-Pit hold
 The vastie fields of France? O! may we cramme
 Within this Wooden O, the very Cashes
 That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
 O poe don have a crooked Figure may
 Attest in little place a Million,
 And let vs, Cyphers to this great Account,
 On your imaginarie Forces wonke
 Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
 Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
 Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
 The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder
 Peece out our imperfectiours with your thoughts
 Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
 And make imaginarie Puissance
 Thinke when we talke of Hoofes, that you see them,
 Printing their proud Hoofes i'th' reueining Earth
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
 Carry them here and there Jumping o're Times,
 Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
 Into an Howre-glasse for the which supplie,
 Admit me Chorus to this Historie,
 Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play

6 his 15 4

8] all, 4

9] Spirit, 4

12] held

13] Casket 3, 4

20] Monarches 2 - chs 3, 4

21] up-rear'd 3, 4

25] Puissance 2.

Exit

[p 69]

[The Life of Henry the Fifth.]

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[p 1]

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely

[two] om. 3, 4

Bish. Cant

Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
 Which in th'eueneth yere of y^e last Kings reign
 Was like, and had indeed against vs past,
 But that the scrambling and vnquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question.

4

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?

8

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on if it passe against vs,
 We loose the better halfe of our Possession
 For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
 By Testament haue given to the Church,
 Would they strip from vs, being valu'd thus,
 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
 Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires

12

8] lose
 halfe] part

69]
L 1]

16

And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyke,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd
And to the Coffers of the King beside,

20

A thousand pounds by th'yeere Thus runs the Bill

Byth Ely This would drinke deepe

Byth Cant 'Twould drinke the Cup and all

Byth Ely But what prevention?

L 2]

Byth Cant The King is full of grace, and faire regard

24

Byth Ely And a true louer of the holy Church.

Byth Cant The courses of his youth promis'd it not

The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,

But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,

28

Seem'd to dye too yea, at that very moment,

Consideration like an Angell came,

And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him,

Leauing his body as a Paradise,

32

T'inculop and containe Celestiall Spirits

Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made

Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,

With such a heady currance scowring faults.

36

Not neuer *Hudra*-headed Wilfulnesse

So soone did loose his Seat, and all at once,

As in this King

Byth Ely We are blessed in the Change

40

Byth Cant Heare him but reason in Diuinitie,

And all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire the King were made a Prelate

Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires,

44

You would say, it hath been all in all his study

List his discourse of Warre, and you shall heare

A fearefull Battaille rendred you in Musique.

h

19] *found* 3, 435] *variant* 2, 3 - *not* 437] *lose*

Tunc

70]
L I]

48

Turne him to any Cause of Policy,
 The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
 Familihar as his Garter that when he speakes,
 The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
 To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences
 So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
 Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique
 Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
 Since his addichon was to Courtes vaine,
 His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
 His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports,
 And neuer noted in him any studie,
 Any retyrement, any sequestration,
 From open Haunts and Popularitie

52

56

60

64

68

B. Ely The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
 And holsome Berryes thrue and ripen best,
 Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie
 And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
 Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
 Grew like the Summer Gasse, fastest by Night,
 Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie.

72

B. Cant It must be so, for Miracles are ceast
 And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
 How things are perfected.

76

B. Ely But my good Lord.
 How now for mitigation of this Bill,
 Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie
 Incline to it, or no?
B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
 Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
 Then cherishing th'exhibitors agaimst vs
 For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,

54 *this*] his 3, 458] *crassius* 478] *Than* 4 [and so
throughout]

The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with
Auncient *Pistoll*

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other
Attendants*

Exeter

1] 11'

S Hall I call in Thambaffadois my Liege?
King Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolute
Of some serious matters touching vs and *France*.

70
[1]

Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
84 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

B Ely How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?

88 *B Cant.* With good acceptance of his Maiestie
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
92 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather

B Ely What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B Cant The French Embassador vpon that instant
96 Crau'd audience, and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing Is it foure a Clock?

B Ely It is

B Cant Then goe we in, to know his Embassie
100 Which I could with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it

B Ely Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt

[2]

*Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter*

King Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exeter. Not here in prefence.

King Send for him, good Vnckle

4 *Weslm* Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?

King Not yet, my Cousin we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

101] speaks 2 -Ar 3, 4

4] the 4

6] *Sure* 3

Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you.

And good my Lord proceed

8] *in vs* 3

Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme
And God forbid my wife and leained Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the fame

For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre
We charge you in the name of God take heed

After this conuration, speake my Lord
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

[20. A 2]

[*Bi/h*]

21] *Dirth* Catch-word in
1, but om before speech
inserted 2, 3

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your lues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.

There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*

Enter two Bishops.

B Cant God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

8 *you*] *you* 2

King Sure we thanke you
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natue colours with the truth

For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre,
We charge you in the Name of God take heed
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops

27] *guiltlesse* 2

Are euery one, a Woe, a soie Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme

29] *w'ong*

B Can Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne There is no baire
To make against you Highnesse Clayme to Fiance,

But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,

No female shall succeed in salicke land,
Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of *France*

28

And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female baire
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme

That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,

32

Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behind, and settled certaine French,

Who holding in disdaigne the Germane women,

36

For some dishonest maners of their lues,

Establisht there this lawe To wit,

No female shall succeed in salicke land

Which salicke land as I said before,

40

Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mefene*

Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe

Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,

Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,

44

Vntill 400 one and twentie yeares

After the function of king *Faramont*,

Godly supposed the founder of this lawe

39] *(as I haue said before)* 3

40] *call'd* 3

46] *supposed* 3

Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,

4

70] But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
 2] *In terra Salicam Mulieres ne succedant*,
 40 No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land
 Which *Salike* Land, the French mustly gloze
 To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
 44 The founder of this Law, and Female Baie
 Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
 That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
 Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue
 48 Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certaine French
 Who holding in disdaine the German Women,
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 52 Establisht then this Law, to wit, No Female
 Should be Inheretrix in *Salike* Land
 Which *Salike* (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*
 56 Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
 Was not deuised for the Realme of France
 Nor did the French possessie the *Salike* Land,
 Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
 60 After defunctiō of King *Pharamond*,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
 Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
 Foure hundred twentie six and *Charles* the Great
 4 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
 Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
 Eight hundred five Besides, their Writers say,
 King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
 3 Did as Henr Generall, being descended
 Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
 2 Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France
 S *Hugh Capet* also, who vsurpt the Crowne
 L

40] *succedant*,47 & 54] *Elue* 3. 4

Of

49] *naught*, 3
50] *Conuict* d 2

To fine his title with some shewe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught
Conuict himselfe as heere to the Lady *Inger*,

48

Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Loian*,

60] *embrace* 3

So that as cleare as is the forminers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female
So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe [57. A 2. v.]
To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to embrace their crooked canies,
Vsuipt from you and your progenitors (claime?)

52

64] *it is* 3.

K May we with right & conscience make this
Bt The sin vpon my head dread foueraigne
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the tonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter
Noble Lord stand for your owne, || Vnwinde your bloody flagge,

6

Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorraine*, sole Heire male
 Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great
 To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Conuey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady *Langaire*,
 Daughter to *Charlemaigne*, who was the Sonne
 To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
 Of *Charles* the Great also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
 Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,
 Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till fatishted,
 That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
 Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
 Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorraine*
 By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
 Was re-vnted to the Crowne of France.
 So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
 King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
 King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
 To hold in Right and Title of the Female
 So doe the Kings of France vnto this day
 Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
 To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
 And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
 Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
 Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors

King May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish Cant The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne

For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,

When the man dyes, let the Inheritance

Descend vnto the Daughter Gracious Lord,

Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,

Looke back into your mightie Ancestors

84] *Ermengare*

85] *fairesaid* 2

92 *vnto] upon*

96] *imbar* 3, 4
and '*barre*' is '*bar*'
throughout

100] *it is* 3, 4

69] *grandvires* 3.

Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,
From whom you clayme

And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of *France*,

72

74] *Whilst* 3

Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,

76] *the blood* 3

Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.

76

O Noble English that could entertaine

With halfe then Forces the full power of *France*

And let an other halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action

80

71

111]

Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
From whom you clayme, invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,

107] *Vnckle*, 3, 4

108

Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp

112

Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie
O Noble English, that could entetaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,

115

All out of worke, and cold for action

116 *All* And 3, 4

Byth Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats,
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne

117] *Byth* Ely 3, 4

120

The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Venes and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises

124

Ere You Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood (might,

138

Wcjt They know you: Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,
And lye paullion'd in the fields of France

131] *field*

132

Byth Can O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie
Will saye you Highnesse such a nightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors

133] *Blood* 3 4134] *Spirituality* 3, 4

81] *gainst* 382 *for*] *against* 2.

King We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs

with all aduantages

B: The Marches gracious soueraigne,

shalbe sufficient

To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers

King We do not meane the couising sneakers onely,
But feare the mayne entendement of the Scot,

For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,

But that the Scot on his vnturnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,

That *England* being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof

94] *feaw'd*

B: She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord

For heare her but examplified by her selfe,

[94. A 3]

When all her chualty hath bene in *France*

And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,

She hath her selfe not only well defended,

But taken and impounded as a stay, the king of Scots,

Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,

Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise

As is the owle and bottomie of the sea

With sunken wrack and shiplesse treasure

Lord. There is a saying very old and true,

If you will *France* win, || Then with *Scotland* first begin

For once the Eagle, *England* being in pray,

71]
L 2]

King We must not onely arme t'muade the French,
But lay downe our proposition, to defend
140 Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages

Byth Can They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
144 Our in-land from the pilfering Borderiers

King We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs
148 For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnsurmount Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
152 With ample brim fullnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grievous siege, Castles and Townes
That England being emptie of defence,
156 Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B Can She hath bin the more fear'd the harm'd, my Liege
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
160 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots whom shee did send to France,
164 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sun-lesse Treasures

Byth Ely But there's a saying very old and true,
168 If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

151 the a 3, 4

169] begin

p 71]
ol 2]

King We must not onely arme t'muade the French
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
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Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
152 With ample and bunn fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes
That England being emptie of defence,
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When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
160 And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots whom shee did tend to France,
164 To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with playse,
As is the Owle and bottoome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sun-lesse Treasures

168 *Btlh Ely* But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,

151 the] a 3, 4

169] begin

108 | *unfur nashit*

To his unfurnish nest the weazel Scot
Would fuck her eggs, /

playing the mouse in absence of the

To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat (cat /

Exe It follows then, the cat must stay at home,

Yet that is but a curst necessitie,

Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theenes

Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad

The advised head controls at home

For gouernment though high or lowe,

116 *znlo* in 3

being put into parts,

Congrueth with a mutuall content

like muscke

Bi True therefore doth heauen / diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions /

Whereto is added as an aynic or but, obedience

For so live the honey Bees,

creatures that by awe

Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome

They haue a King and officers of iust,

Where some like Magistrates correct at home

Others like Marchants venture trade abroad

Others like fouldiers armed in then flings,

Make boote vpon the fommers veluet bud

Which pillage they with meiv march bring home

127] m c i y 2

128] *tent-royal* 3

To the tent 10vall of their Emperour.

Who busied in his manesie, behold

The singing matons building roofes of gold [130 A 3 v]

The cruell citizens lading vp the honey,

108

112

116

120

124

128

71]
12]

172

To her vnguarded Neft, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and fo fucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Moule in abfence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then ſhe can eate
Eret It follows theu, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,

174 *can*] *can* 2175 *then*] *then*

176

Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſſity,
Since we haue lockes to ſafegard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,

180

Th'aduifed head defends it ſelfe at home.
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conſent,
Congreering in a full and natural cloſe,

183] *cloſe* 2

184

Lake Muſicke

Cant Therefore doth heauen diuide
The ſtate of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion

188

To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience for ſo worke the Hony Bees,

Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome
They haue a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home

192

Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad

194] *venture*

196

Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet budde,
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperour

197] *march* 2, 3

Who buſied in his Maieſties ſurueyes
The ſinging Maſons building rooſes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony,
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate

200] *Mason*

200

132] *sad-ey'd* 3

The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,
 Deluering vp to executors pale,

132r

the lazy caning Drone

This I infer, that 20 actions once a foote,
 May all end in one moment

As many Arrowes losed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke

136

As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne

138] *selfe-sea* 3

As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea

As many lines close in the dyall center

So may a thoufaud actions once a foote,

140

End in one moment, and be all well boine without defect

Therefore my Liege to *France*,

Diuide your happy England into foure,

Of which take you one quarter into *France*,

144

And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake

If we with thrice that power left at home,

Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,

Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose

148

The name of pollicy and hardinesse

Kt. Call in the messenger sent fið the Dolphyn,

And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,

France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,

152

O: breake it all in peeces

155-6] One line in 3.

Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speake

Freely of our adz,

O: else like toongless mutes

156

Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph

Th' 2 the 3

Enter Ambassadors from France.

12] The sad-ey'd Iustice with his iurly humme,
 11 1] Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 , The lazie yawning Drone I this inferre,
 - That many things hauing full reference
 208 To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
 As many Arrowes loosed feuerall wayes
 Come to one marke. as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea,
 212 As many Lynes close in the Dials center
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well boine
 Without defeat Therefore to France, my Liege,
 216 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 220 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie

King Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin
 224 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
 And yours, the noble finewes of our power,
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
 228 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 Tombleffe, with no remembrance ouer them
 232 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 Not worshipt with a wauen Epitaph

Enter Ambassadors of France

224 well] all 3, 4

158.] *prepared 3.*

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maieftie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons. [166. A 4]
Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambasf. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,

Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predeceffor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.

He saith, theres nought in *France* /
that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: / you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there: /
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.

King. What treasure Vncle?

Ere. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
We will by Gods grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,

184.] *play him such 3.*

72]
L. 1]

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our faire Cousin Dolphyn for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King

208

Amb May't please your Maiesie to gue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embaisie

242] meaning

244

King We are no Tyant, but a Christian King,
Vnto whose grace our pafion is as subiect
As is our wretches settred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
Tell vs the *Dolphus* minde.

248

Amb Thus than in few
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be adu's'd There's nought in France,

252

256

That can be with a numble Galliard wonne
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure, and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you This the *Dolphus* speaks

260

King What Treasure Vncle?

Ere Tennis balles, my Liege

264

King, We are glad the *Dolphus* is so pleasant with vs,
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard

268

Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

190] *unless'd* 3195] *in the throne* 3196] *we haue* 3197 *like*] *like*198 *with*] *om* 2.
therewith 3211 *rightfull*] *right* 3

That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturbd with chafes,
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes oie vs
With our wilder dayes, / not meafuring what vs we made
of them /

We neuer valued this poore feate of England
And therefore gaue our felues to barbarous licence
As tis common feene / that men are menneft when they are
from home /

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,

When we do iowfe vs in throne of *France*

Fortus haue we laid by our Maiefte
And plodded lide a man for working dayes

But we will rife there with fo full of gloiy,
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,

I ftrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs, / (ftones, /

And tell him this, / his mock hath turnd his baues to gun

[201 A 4 v]

And his foule shall fit fore charged for the waitfull /
(vengeance

That shall flye from them / For this his mocke /
Shall mocke many a wife out of then deare husbands

Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Castles downe,

I fome are yet vngotten and vnborne,

That shall haue caufe to curfe the Dolphins fcorne.

But this lyes all within the will of God, / to whom we doo

(appeale,

And in whose name / tel you the Dolphin we are cōming on /
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand

In a rightfull caufe fo get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His left will fauour but of shallow wit,

When thoufands weepe, more then did laugh at it.

Conuey them with safe conduēt fee them hence.

188

192

196

200

204

208

212

72]
12 2]

272

276

280

284

288

292

296

300

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces And we vnderstand him well,
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 Not measuring what rise we made of them
 We neuer valed w'd this poore seate of England,
 And therefore huing hence, did gree our telfe
 To barbarous licenſe As tis euer common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesſe,
 When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France
 For that I haue layd by my Maieſtie,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes
 But I will rise there with ſo full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
 And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ſtones, and his ſoule
 Shall ſtand fore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
 That ſhall flye with them for many a thouſand widows
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands,
 Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſſles downe
 And ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 That ſhal haue cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cauſe
 So get you hence in peace And tell the *Dolphin*,
 His leſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
 When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it
 Conuey them with ſafe conduct Fare you well

Exeunt Ambaſſadors.

275 *As*] *And* 3, 4
euer] om 3, 4

291 *yet*] *it* 2, 3

301 *you*] *ye* 3, 4

Exe This was a merry meſſage
King We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it

216

Therefore let our colleſtiō for the wars be ſoone provided

For God before, weell check the Dolphyn at his fathers /
 (doore

Therefore let euery man now taske his thought, /
 That this faue action may on foote be brought

220

Exeunt omnes.

[P 72]
[COL 2]

Eve This was a merry Messāge
King We hope to make the Sender blush at it
 304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
 That may grue furth'rance to our Expedition
 For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
 Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse
 308 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
 Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
 More Feathers to our Wings for God before,
 312 Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore
 Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
 That this faire Action may on foot be brought *Exeunt.*

[II]

Flourish Enter Chorus
 Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
 And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes
 Now thrue the Armors, and Honors thought
 4 Reignes solely in the brest of euery man
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse,
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged heeles, as English *Mercuries*
 8 For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilt vnto the Point,
 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
 Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers
 12 The French adu's'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadfull preparation,
 Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
 Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
 16 O England Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
 Like little Body with a mightie Heart

3] *Honour's* 3, 4

What

1] *God morrow* 2, *Good*
morrow 3
 2] *Good morrow* 3

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.

Nim Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet ?

Nim I cannot tell, things must be as they may
 I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron

[II 1]

[D 73]
[JL 1]

What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kinde and naturall
 20 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
 A nest of hollow bosomes, which he fills
 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men
 One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second
 24 *Henry* Lord *Swoope* of *Majham*, and the third
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
 Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,
 28 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye
 If Hell and Treason hold their promites,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton
 Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest
 32 Th'abuse of distance, force a play
 The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
 The King is set from London, and the Scene
 Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,
 36 There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,
 And bring you backe Charming the narrow seas
 To giue you gentle Passie for if we may,
 40 Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.
 But till the King come foith, and not till then,
 Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene

*Exit*25] *Gray* 3, 428] *dye*,30] *for*, 431] *we'll* 3, 434] *from*] *for* 3, 442] *Southampton* 3
we do 3, 4

[F 1]

*Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.**Bar* Well met Corporall *Nym**Nym* Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe**Bar* What, are Ancient *Pytoll* and you friends yet?

4 *Nym* For my part, I care not I say little but when
 time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
 it may I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out

Nym] *Nym* [and so
throughout] 3, 4

6] 'Tis 'twould 3

It is a simple one, but what tho, it will serue to taste cheefe,
And it will endure cold as an other mans fwood will,
And theres the humor of it

8

9] Quickly

Bar Yfaith mistress quickly did thee great wrong,

10] troth-plight 3

For thou weart troth plight to her [10 B]

Nim I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them

12

14] there's 3

At that time, and there is the humour of it

Bar Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make Pistoll

And thee friends What a plague should we carie kniues

16

To cut our owne throates [Il 83-4 fol]

Nim. Yfaith Ile lue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it

And when I cannot lue any longer, Ile do as I may,

20 my] the 2

And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

20

Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife

21] Good morrow 3

Bar. Godmorrow ancient Pistoll

Here comes ancient Pistoll, I prithee Nim be quiet

Nim How do you my Hoste?

Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?

24

Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my Nell keepe lodging

Host No by my troath not I,

28 honest] om 3

For we canot bed nor boord half a score honest gñlewoman

28

That lue honestly by the prick of their needle,

But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house

31] Nim,

O Lord heeres Corporall Nims, now shall

We haue wilful adultery and murther committed

32

[Fol II 41-2 p 39]

Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man,

And put vp your sword.

|| Nim. Push.

[p. 7:]
[col. 1]

8 mine yron it is a simple one, but what though? It will
tofte Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will and there's an end

Bar I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes
and we'll bee all three sworn brothers to France Let't
12 be so good Corporall *Nym*

Nym Faith, I will lue so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it and when I cannot lue any longer, I will doe
as I may That is my rest, that is the rendezous of it

16 Bar It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you
were troth-plight to her.

20 *Nym* I cannot tell, Things must be as they may men
may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them
at that time, and some say, knives haue edges It must
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee
will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
24 tell.

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly

Bar Heere comes Ancient *Pistoll* and his wife good
Corporall be patient heere How now mine Hoste *Pi-*
stoll?

28 *Pist.* Bafe Tyke, cal't thou mee Hoste, now by this
hand I sweare I scorne the terme nor shall my *Nel* keep
Lodgers.

32 *Host* No by my troth, not long For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that lue
honestly by the pukke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight O welliday
Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adulte-
ry and murder committed

36 Bar Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere. *Nym.* Pith

7] is int a 3, 4

11] Let s 4

15] rendezous 4

Pyl What dost thou puff, thou puckcard cue

of Ifeland?

36

Nim Will you shog off? I would haue you solus

Pist Solus egregious dog,

that solus in thy throte,

And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within

Thy messall mouth, I do retort that solus / in thy

Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie for I can talke, /

And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp

40

43] *Farbasom 2*

Nim I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot conuie me

I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,

And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, / Ile scoure you with my
Rapier in faire termes / If you will walke off a little, / [45 B v]

Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,

And theses the humour of it.

44

Pyl O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,

/ The Graue doth gape, and groaning

Death is neare, / therefore exall /

48

They drawe

Bar Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,

Ile kill him, as I am a souldier

52

Pist An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim Ile cut your throat at one time or an other / in faire
And theses the humor of it / (terms,

56

Pist Couple gorge is the word, I thec desie agen

A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?

No, to the powdering tub of infamy,

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cicildes kinde,

Doll Teu-theete, she by name, and her espowse

60

60] *lazar kite 2*

[p 73]
[col 2]

40 *Pyt* Pith for thee, Island dogge thou prickeard cu
of Island

Nym Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword [Q^o ll 33-4 p 36]

42 *you* thy 3 4

44 *Nym* Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus
Pyt Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile, The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy, and which is worfe, within thy nastie mouth I
48 do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-
stols* cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

45] *marvellous* 3, 4

Nym I am not *Barlafon*, you cannot conuere mee I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well If you
52 grow fowle with me *Pistoll*, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it

56 *Pyt* O Biaggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale

60 *Bar* Heare me, heare me what I say Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilt, as I am a fol-
dier

Pyt An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate
Gue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me gue Thy spiritres
64 are most tall

63 *first* first 3

Nym I will cut thy throate one time or other in fine
termes, that is the humor of it

68 *Pistoll* Couple a gorge, that is the word I deue thee a-
gaine O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spouse to get?
No, to the spiteful goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll*
Tear-sheete, the by name, and her espouse I haue, and I

70] *Lazar Kite* 4

I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough

Enter the Boy

Boy. Hoftes you must come fraight to my maister,
And you Hofst *Pistoll* / Good *Bardolfe*

Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, / and do the office of a
(warming pan /

Host By my troath heele yeeld thee crow a pudding one
(of these dayes

He go to him, husband youle come ?

Bar Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim prithe be friends, and if thou wilt not / be
Enemies with me too /

Ni I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you
at beating ?

Pist Base is the slaue that payes

Nim That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it

Pist. As manhood shall compound *They draw.*

Bar He that strikes the fift blow,

He kill him by this sword

Pist Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.
[78 B 2]

Nim I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at
beating ?

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,

And friendship shall combind and brotherhood

He liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me

Is not this iust ? for I shall Sutler be

Vnto the Campe, and profit will occue.

66] *warning* 3

72] *betting* 3

79] *betting* 3

82 *and*] *out* 3 [Probably
press error for *out*]

84] *Butler* 2

64

68

72

76

80

84

[p 71]
[col 2]

will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely thee and
Pauc, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy

Boy Mine Host *Pyfioll*, you must come to my My-
 ster, and your Hostesse He is very sicke, & would to bed
 76 Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
 the Office of a Warming-pan Faith, he's very ill

Bard Away you Rogue.

Host By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
 80 of these dayes the King has kild his heart Good Huf-
 band come home presently

Exit

Bar Come, shall I make you two friends Wee must
 to France together why the duel should we keep knives
 84 to cut one anothers throats? [Il 16-17 Quarto]

Pyfi Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food howle
 on

Nym You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you
 88 at Betting?

Pyfi Base is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue that's the humor of it.

Pyfi As manhood shal compound push home *Draw*

92 *Bard* By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust,
 Ile kill him By this sword, I wil

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course

96 *Bar*. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends,
 and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to pre-
 thee put vp

100 *Pyfi*. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
 Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe
 shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile lue by *Nymme*, &
Nymme shall lue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
 tler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue Giue mee
 thy hand.

76 *his the* 3, 4

77] *Warming-man* 3, 4

81 *from* om 3, 4

96 *to* too

100-1] *Nymme* 2

Nim I shall haue my noble ?

Pist In cash most truly paid.

Nim Why theres the humour of it

Enter Hostes

Hostes As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contagian feuer, tis wonderfull

83

Pist Let vs condoll the knight for lamkins we will liue

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Glosier

Gloft Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
these traytors

Exe They shalbe apprehended by and by.

92

[II.]

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
That he should for a forraine purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trecheiy.

4

Exe O the Lord of *Mafsham*

Enter the King and three Lords.

King Now firs the windes faue, and we wil aboard,
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Mafsham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,

8

[P 74]
[COL 1]

Nym I shall haue my Noble

Pyff In cash, most iustly payd

Nym Well, then that the humor of't

Enter Hostieffe

108 Host As euer you come of women, come in quickly
to fin Iohn A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning
quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold
Sweet men, come to him

112 Nym The King hath run bad humors on the Knight
that's the euen of it

Pyff. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fra-
cted and corroborate

116 Nym The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
may he passes some humors, and carrees

Pyff Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we
will lue

[II 2]

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors

Ere They shall be apprehended by and by

West How smooth and euen they do bear themselves,

4 As if allegiance in their bosomes fate

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty

Bed The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of

8 Ere Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours,
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery

*Sound Trumpets.**Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray*

12 King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboord
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Maslam,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts

106] there s

107] came of

4] if all allegiance 3, 4

5] royalty 4

7] interception 4

9] lull'd 3, 4

Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*?

12

Masla No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best
[13 B 2 v]

Cam Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your maiestie.

Gray Euent hose that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake

16

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnessse,
And shall forget the office of our hands
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.

20

Masla So seruice shall with steeld finewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King Vncle of *Exeter*,

24

enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him

Masla That is mercie, but too much securitie
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, / least the example of
Breed more of such a kinde / (him,

28

King O let vs yet be mercifull.

19] omitted 3

[P 74.]
[col 1]

16 Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head assembled them

Scro No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best

20 *King* I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire consent with ours
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish
24 Successe and Conquest to attend on vs

Cam Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maiesty, there's not I thinke a subiect
That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse
28 Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment

Kn True those that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue sleep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

32 *King* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthinesse

36 *Scro* So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruices

King We Iudge no lesse Vnkle of Exeter,
40 Inlaige the man committed yesterday,
That sayl'd aginst our person We consider
It was excessse of Wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

44 *Scro* That's mercy, but too much security
Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind

King O let vs yet be mercifull

25] *was a* 3. 429 *Kn*] *Gay* 430] *do obserue* 3. 4

36] *against* 338] *apptoll* 239] *disiect* 339] *appeared* us ° 250] *Grey* 3 (and so onward)60] *fore-stald* 3*Cam* So may your highnesse, and punish too.*Gray* You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correccion.*King* Alas your too much care and loue of me
Are heauy orisons gainst the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on distemper / should not bee

(winked at, /

How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vsWell yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender perscuacion of our state,
Would haue him punisht || Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners ?/ *Cam* Me one my Lord, / your highnesse bad me aske for
it to day / [45 B 3]*Majh* So did you me my Soueraigne*Gray* And me my Lord*King* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours
There is yours my Lord of *Majham*And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, / this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthnesse (yours /
Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboard to night
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour ?
What see you in those papers

That hath so chafed your blood

out of apparance ?

Cam I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie*Majh* To which we all appeale*King* The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:

[P 74]
[col 2]

Cam So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too
Grey Sir, you shew great mercy if you gve him life,
 After the taste of much correction

52 *King* Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
 Are heauy Onions 'gainst this poore wretch
 If little faults proceeding on distemper,
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
 When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
 56 Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet enlarge that man,
 Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
 And tender preservation of our person
 Wold haue him punish'd And now to our French causes,
 60 Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam I one my Lord,
 Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

64 *Scro* So did you me my Liege.
Gray And I my Royall Soueraigne
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours
 There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masham*, and Sir Knight
Gray of *Northumberland*, this same is yours
 68 Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse
 My Lord of *Westmeiland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
 We will aboord to night Why how now Gentlemen?
 What see you in those papers, that you loose
 72 So much complexion? Looke ye how they change
 Their cheekes are paper Why, what reade you there,
 That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood
 Out of appaance

76 *Cam* I do confesse my fault,
 And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. *Scro* To which we all appeale.

80 *King* The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
 By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd

55] digested,

56] Appaance 3

66] Lords 2, 3
Knight, 4

71] lose

74] haue] hath 4

75] appaance 3, 4

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
 For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
 See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
 These English monifers
 My Lord of *Cambridge* hee,
 You know how apt we were to grace him,
 In all things belonging to his honour
 And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
 Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France*
 To kill vs here in *Hampton* To the which,
 This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
 Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
 But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
 Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
 That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
 That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
 Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse:
 Can it be possible that out of thee
 Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

[81 B 3 v]

Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grosse
 As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.

69] *wil. 2*70] *conspir'd 3*73 *haah*] *hath*78] *mightst have 3*79] *Wouldst thou have
practise . use ? 3*

64

68

72

76

80

[p. 74]
COL 2]

You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
 For your owne reasons turne into your bofomes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you
 84 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
 These English monsters My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
 You know how apt our loue was, to accord
 To furnish with all appertments
 88 Belonging to his Honour, and this man,
 Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd
 And sworne vnto the practises of France
 To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
 92 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
 Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne But O,
 What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
 Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?
 96 Thou that didst beare the key of all my countailes,
 That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,
 That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,
 Would'st thou haue practis'd on me. for thy vse?
 100 May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
 Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
 104 As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it
 Treason, and murder, euer kept together,
 As two yooke diuels sworne to eyners purpose,
 Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
 108 That admiration did not hoope at them
 But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
 Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 112 That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence

87] furnish him 3. 4

92] us

103] stand

107 an] a

110 and on] and no

And

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/ Their faults are open, / arrest them to the answer of the lawe, /
 And God acquit them of their practises
Ere I arrest thee of high treason,
 By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.

[P 75]
[col. 1]

And other duels that suggest by treasons,
 Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
 116 With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
 From glitt'ring semblances of piety
 But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
 Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 120 Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor
 If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
 He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
 124 And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
 A soule so easie as that Englishmans
 Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected
 The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
 128 Why so didst thou seeme they graue and learned?
 Why so didst thou Come they of Noble Family?
 Why so didst thou Seeme they religious?
 Why so didst thou Or are they spare in diet,
 132 Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye, without the eare,
 136 And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
 Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme
 And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
 To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
 140 For some suspition, I will weepe for thee
 For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
 Another fall of Man Their faults are open,
 Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
 144 And God acquit them of their practises
Ere I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
Richard Earle of Cambridge

123 might] may 4

136] iudgement 3

140] and I 4

I areft thee of high treafon,
 By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Mafham*
 I areft thee of high treafon,
 / By the name of *Thomas Gray*, / knight of *Northumberland* /
Mafh Our purpofes God iuftly hath difcouered,
 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 Which I befeech your maieftie forgue,
 Altho my body pay the price of it.

88

92

96] *mercie* 2 *mercy* 397] *conspir'd* 398] *proclaim'd* 3.

King God quit you in his mercy / Heare your fentence /
 You haue confpired againft our royall perfon,
 Ioynd with an enemy proclaimed and fixed
 And fiō his coffers receiued the golden earneft of our death

96

Touching our perfon we feeke no redrefle
 But we our kingdomes fafetie muft fo tender
 Whofe ruine you haue fought,
 That to our lawes we do deliuer you (death,
 Get ye therefore hence poore miserable creatures to you
 / The tafte whereof, God in his mercy giue you

100

104] *Get you hence*, 3

104

[p. 75]
COL 1]

148

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Lord Scroope of Marham

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

152

Scro. Our purposes, God justly hath discouer'd,

And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it

156

Cam For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The sooner to effect what I intended ·

160

But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee

Gray Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce
At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre 100 ore my selfe,

164

Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne

King God quit you in his mercy. Hear your sentence
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,

168

Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death ·
Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,

172

His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subjects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation ·

Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,

176

Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

159] *Which I in*160 *and you*] om 3, 4

171. 16] of 3.

176] *you three sought,*

(amisse /
 Patience / to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
 Beare them hence. *Exit three Lords*
 Now Lords to *France*. The enterprife whereof,
 Shall be to you as vs, fuccessiue.

108

Since God cut off
 this dangerous treafon lurking in our way

Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance :
 No King of England, if not King of *France* *Exit omnes*
 [112. B 3]

112

Hoster 3

Enter Nim, Pytoll, Bardolfe, Hoftes and a Boy.

[II

1] *Stanes 2.*

Hofst I prethy fweete heart, / let me bring thee so farre as
(Stanes /
Pyft. No fur, no fur

Bar. Well fir *Iohn* is gone God be with him.

5] *chrusombd 2*

Hofst I, he is in *Arthors* bolom, if euer any were
 He went away as if it were a crytombd childe,
 Betweene twelue and one,
 Iust at turning of the tide
 His nose was as sharpe as a pen
 For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,
 And talk of floures, and smile vpō his fingers ends
 I knew there was no way but one.
 How now fir *Iohn* quoth I ?
 And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

4

8

12

[P. 75]
[COL. 2]

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.
Now Lords for France: the enterprife whereof
Shall be to you as vs,like glorious.

Exit.

181] Exeunt

184 We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings We doubt not now,

186] way 2 way 3, 4.

187.] beginning.

188 But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreyemen Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

188 on] in 4.

192 Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France.

Flourish

193. Flourish] Exeunt

[II. 3]

Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse

Hostesse 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring
thee to Staines.

1.] honey, 3, 4

4 *Pistoll*. No for my manly heart dotherne. *Bardolph*,
be blythe. *Nim*, rowse thy vaunting Veines. *Boy*, brisle
thy Courage vp for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

3. 6] yerne 3, 4

8 *Bard* Would I were with him, wherefomere hee is,
eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

7.] whereis'ere 4

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell hee's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had bene any Christome
12 Child. a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n
at the turning o'th'Tyde for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers
end, I knew there was but one way for his Nose was
as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields How now
16 Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare so a
cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times. now I,

10 made a] made 3, 4.

11] Christom 4

12 eu'n iust] iust 3, 4

16] green fields 3 green
Fields 4.

16 *af] on 3*19 *any] om 3*20 *] cryed 2*24 *he sed] sed 3 inco-
niste 3.*31 *fire] om 3*38 *] none, the word 2.*40 *] hold fast 3*

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,

I hope there was no such need

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone.

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack*Hof.* I that he did*Boy.* And of women*Hof.* No that he did not.*Boy* Yes that he did and he sed they were duels incarnat.*Hof.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued*Nim.* Well he did cry out on women*Hof.* Indeed he did in some sort handle women,

But then he was rumaticke, / and talkt of the whore of

*(Babylon /**Boy.* Hofes do you remember he saw a Flea standVpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black foule

Burning in hell fire?

[31 B 3 v]

Bar. Well, God be with him,

That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall we fhog off?The king wil be gone from *Southampton*.*Psf.* Cleare vp thy cristalles,

Looke to my chattels and my moueables.

Trust none the word is pitch and pay

Mens words are wafer cakes,

And holdfast is the only dog my deare.

Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

[P 75]
[COL 2]

20 to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God, I
hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any
such thoughts yet · so a bad me lay more Clothes on his
feet I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they
were as cold as any stone. then I felt to his knees, and fo
24 vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone

Nim They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hofteffe I, that a did

Bard. And of Women

28 Hofteffe Nay, that a did not.

Boy Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
nate.

32 Woman A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
lour he neuer lik'd

Boy A said once, the Deule would haue him about
Women

36 Hofteffe A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women
but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of
Babylon

40 Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning
in Hell

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintan'd that fire
that's all the Riches I got in his seruice

44 Nim Shall wee fhogg? the King will be gone from
Southampton

48 Pizt. Come, let's away My Loue, gue me thy Lippes
Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables Let Sences
rule The world is, Pitch and pay trust none for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee
thy Counsafulor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls Yoke-
fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horfe
leeches

23] as any] as a 3, 4

24.] upward (upward 2)

and upward, 3, 4.

24 and all] and om 3, 4

39] and said 3, 4

Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kis and theres the humor of it
But adieu.

Past. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.

King Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

[1 149 fol. p. 67]

Dolphin. My gracious Lord, / tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe. (foorth, /

44

[II. 1]

4

[P. 76]
[COL. I.]

leeches my Boyes, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to fucke.

Boy And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pift. Touch her soft mouth, and march

56 *Bard* Farwell Hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

60 *Pift.* Let Hufwiserie appeare keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

Flourish om.

[II. 4.]

*Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes
of Berry and Britaine*

King Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concerns,
To answer Royally in our defences.

4 Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
8 With men of courage, and with meanes defendant.
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
12 As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Vpon our fields.

16 *Dolphin.* My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
20 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

4] *Britain* 3, 4.

10 *busied*] *troubled* 3

15. *selfe,*] *om.* 2.

And view the weak & sickly parts of *France* ·
 But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
 No with no more, then if we heard
 England were busied with a Morris dance
 For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
 So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
 That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,

[15 C]

Question your grace the late Embassador,
 With what regard he heard his Embassage,
 How well supplied with aged Counsellours,

And how his resolution answered him,
 You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde.

King Well thinke we *Harry* strong
 And strongly aime vs to preuent the foe

8

12

16

20

[p. 76]
[col. 1]

As were a Warre in expectation
 Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France .
 24 And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,
 No, with no more, then if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance
 For, my good Liege, thee is so idly King'd,
 28 Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
 By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
 That feare attends her not

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
 32 You are too much mistaken in this King
 Question your Grace the late Embassadors,
 With what great State he heard their Embassie,
 How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,
 36 How modest in exception ; and withall,
 How terrible in constant resolution
 And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
 Were but the out-side of the Roman *Brutus*,
 40 Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ,
 As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dolphin Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
 44 But though we thinke it so, it is no matter .
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
 The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd
 48 Which of a weake and niggardly protection,
 Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting
 A little Cloth.

King Thinke we King *Harry* strong .
 52 And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
 The Kindred of him hath bene sleight vpon vs

36] *with all 3 4*45] *causes*

Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England

24

Kin. Bid him come in
You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords

Dol My gracious father, cut vp this English short,

28] *Selfe-loue* 329] *selfe-neglecting*

Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting

28

Enter Exeter.

30] *brother of 3.*

King. From our brother England³

Exe From him, and thus he greets you Maiestie:
He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deuest your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,

32

[p 76]
[col 2]

And he is bred out of that bloodie fraine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes
56 Witnesse our too much memorable shame,
When Cressly Battell fatally was strucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales
60 Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
64 The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock and let vs feare
The Natue mightinesse and fate of him

Enter a Messenger.

68 *Mess* Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maestie.
King Weele giue them present audience
Goe, and bring them.

68] *Ambassadors 4*

72 You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends
Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit for coward Dogs
Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten
Runs farre before them Good my Soueraigne
76 Take vp the English short, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,
As selfe-neglecting

Enter Exeter

80 *King* From our Brother of England
Exe From him, and thus he greets your Maestie :
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you deuote your selfe, and lay apart
84 The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,

35.] *law*, 3.

Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs

36

Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonstrated
Willing you ouerlooce this pedigree,
And when you finde him euenly deuied
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natue and true challenger.

40

44

48

[49 C v]

King If not, what followes?

Ere Bloody cōstraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Toue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it

52

57.] *Orphanes* 3 *bowens* 258.] *gones*, 3

And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens grones
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this contiuensie
This is his claime, his threatening, and my message
Vnles the *Dolphin* be in prefence here,
To whom expiely we bring greeting too.

56

60

61 as his] 25 the 2

[p 76]
[col 2]

By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
 To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
 And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
 88 By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
 Vnto the Crowne of France · that you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
 Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,
 92 Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt,
 He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
 In euery Branch truly demonstratue;
 Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree
 96 And when you find him euenly deriu'd
 From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
 Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
 100 From him, the Natue and true Challenger.
King. Or else what followes?
Ere. Bloody constraint for if you hide the Crowne
 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 104 Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,
 In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue* ·
 That if requiring faile, he will compell.
 And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
 108 Deluer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
 On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
 Opens his vastie Iawes and on your head
 Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
 112 The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
 For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
 That shall be swallowed in this Controuerfie.
 This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Messäge
 116 Vnlesse the Dolphin be in prefence here,
 To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

91] *Worms-holes* 4.112] *Bloods*, 4117] *too**King* For

Dol For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie fender, doth he puse you at.
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse

Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
Shall chide your trespasses, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will
For I desire nothing so much, || As oddes with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be assured, youle finde a difference

As we his subiects haue in wonder found [84. C 2]
Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses

If he stay in *France*

King Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

67] mis-become 3

86] weighter 3

88 he] we

89] Well, for vs 3

90] of England 3

64

68

72

76

80

84

88

[P 77]
[col 1]*King* For vs, we will confider of this further

To morrow fhall you beare our full intent

120 Back to our Brother of England

Dolph For the Dolphin,

I ftand here for him what to him from England?

Ere Scorne and defiance, fleght regard, contempt,

124 And any thing that may not mis-become

The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus faves my King and if your Fathers Highneffe

Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,

128 Sweeten the bitter Mock you fent his Maieftie;

Hee'le call you to fo hot an Anfwer of it,

That Causes and Wombie Vaultages of France

Shall chide your Trefpas, and returne your Mock

132 In fecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph Say if my Father render faire returne,

It is againft my will for I defire

Nothing but Oddes with England.

136 To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,

I did prefent him with the Paris-Balls

Ere Hee'le make your Pais Louer shake for it,

Were it the Miftrefle Court of mightie Europe:

140 And be affur'd, you'le find a difference,

As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,

Betweene the promife of his greener dayes,

And thefe he mafters now now he weighs Time

144 Euen to the vtmoft Graine that you fhall reade

In your owne Loffes, if he ftay in France

King To morrow fhall you know our mind at full.*Flouryfh**Ere* Difpatch vs with all fpeed, leaft that our King

148 Come here himfelfe to queftion our delay,

For he is footed in this Land already. [Q^o 1 4. p. 58]

133 render] lender 4

138] I ouer 2 Louer 3
Louer 4

147] lest 4

[P 77]
[COL 1]

King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawfe,
152 To answer matters of this consequence

*Exeunt.*151] *breathe* 4

[III.]

*Actus Secundus**Flourish. Enter Chorus.*

Flourish] om.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought
Suppose, that you haue seene
4 The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies and in them behold,
8 Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order grue
To sounds confus'd behold the threaten Sayles,
Borne with th'inuifible and creeping Wind,
12 Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Ruage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
16 For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,
Holding due course to Harflew Follow, follow
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Naue,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
20 Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

6] *fayning*, 3. 49 *Heare*] *Heart* 4

[p. 77]
[COL. 2]

24 With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyse-drawne Cavaliers to France ?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
28 With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back :
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
32 The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the duellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chamlers goe off
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind *Erit*

25] *Ordenance 4.*

34 *them*] *him* 3. 4

35] *ech*

[III 1]

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum · Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more,
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead :
4 In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnesse, and humilitie
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger :
8 Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect .
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
12 Like the Brasse Cannon let the Brow o'whelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean
16 Now fet the Teeth, and fretch the Nothrill wide,

Scaling-Ladders 3
Scaling-Ladders 4

and Boy 3

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.

[II. 2]

1] *heeres* 3

Nim Before God here is hote seruice.

Pist Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die

Nim Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

Boy Would I were in London
Ide grue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

[P 77]
[COL 2]

Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp every Spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument
 Dishonour not your Mothers · now attest,
 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you
 Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood,
 And teach them how to Warre And you good Yeomen,
 Whose Lymes were made in England, shew vs here
 The mettell of your Pasture let vs sweare,
 That you are worth your breeding which I doubt not
 For there is none of you so meane and base,
 That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot ·
 Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

18 *On, on,* *On,*
Noblish

25 *me* *men* 4.

28 *mettel* 3 *mettie* 4

33 *a-foot* 3, 4

[III 2]

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
 hot and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case of Lutes
 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song
 of it.

Pist The plaine-Song is most iust for humors doe a-
 bound · Knocks goe and come Gods Vassals drop and
 dye and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne
 immortall fame

Boy Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
 would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safene

Pist And

7] *And I, if 2.*
And I if 3

Pist And I If wishes would preuaile,
 I would not stay, but thither would I hie

8

9] *Gods rascals,*
Will, &c 2.

Enter Flewellen and beates them in.
Flew Godes plud vp to the breaches
 You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches ?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
 Abate thy rage.

12

17] *Lute-case, 3.*

18] *halfe-pence 3*

19] *fire-shouell 3*

Boy. Well I would I were once from them :
 They would haue me as familiar [fol 11 44-5]
 With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
 Handkerchers, they will steale any thing
Bardolfe stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
 And sold it for three hapence.
Nim stole a fier shouell
 I knew by that, they meant to carry coales

16

20

[p 78]
[col 1]

Pyl. And I If wishes would preuaile with me, my purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I high

16 *Boy* As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges, auant you Cullions

20 *Pyl* Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke Good Bawcock bate thy Rage vfe lenitie sweet Chuck

24 *Nim* These be good humors your Honor wins bad humors

Exit

32 *Boy.* As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three Swathers I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serue me, could not be Man to me, for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man for *Bardolph*, hee is white-luer'd, and red-fac'd, by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not for *Pylfoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword, by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers lest a should be thought a Coward but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds, for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfpence 40 *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching and in Callice they stole a fire-shouell I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales They would

12] *tf* 3. 414.] *hys* 3. 4.17] *auant*18] *Cullions* 440] *halfpence* 3 *half-Pence* 4

[fol ll 44-5, see Q^o ll 14-16]

and the] and 3

23] *Captaine*

Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them

Exit Nim, Bاندولفه, Pistoll, and the Boy.

Enter Gower

Gower Captaine *Flewellen*, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

24

Flew Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines

the concauities is otherwife.

You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe fūe yādes vnder the countermīnes

28

29] *Iesus* 3

By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
If there be no better direction

[p. 78]
[COL 1]

haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues
or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my
Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put
into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs
48 I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their
Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore
I must cast it vp *Exit.*

Enter Gower

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to
52 the Mynes, the Duke of Gloucester would speake with
you

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
good to come to the Mynes for looke you, the Mynes
56 is not according to the disciplines of the Warre, the con-
cauities of it is not sufficient for looke you, th'athuer-
fare, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt
himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines by *Chefhu*,
60 I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-
ons.

56] are not of Warre

30] yards 4

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
64 man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower I thinke it be

Welch By *Chefhu* he is an Ass, as in the World, I will
68 verifie as much in his Beard he ha's no more directions
in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the
Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine
72 *Iamy*, with him.

Welch Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous valorous Gen-
tleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

73] marvellous 2
valorous 4

--	--

[p 78]
[col 2]
76

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular know-
ledge of his directions by *Chefhu* he will maintaine his
Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

80 *Welch* Godden to your Worship, good Captaine
Iames.

Gower How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you
quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners guen o're?

84 *Iryft.* By Chrish Law tish ill done the Worke tish
gue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat By my Hand
I fweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke tish ill done
it tish gue ouer. I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
88 fo Chrish saue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill
done. by my Hand tish ill done

Welch Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beseech you now,
will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few disputations with
92 you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of
the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
looke you, and friendly communication partly to satisfie
my Opimion, and partly for the satisfaction, looke you, of
96 my Mind as touching the direction of the Militarie di-
cipline, that is the Point.

Scot It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occasion
100 that fall I mary

Iryft It is no time to discourse, fo Chrish saue me
the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
King, and the Dukes it is no time to discourse, the Town
is beseech'd and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and
104 we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all
fo God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be

84] *Chrish, Law, 4*

88] *saue me, 4*

92] *voutsafe 4*

103] *Duke . noi 4*

104] *calls 3, 4*

Alarum. Enter &c. 3.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne ?
This is the latest parley weele admit .

[111 3]

[p 78]
[ccl 2]

done, and there is nothing done, so Christ sa'me law

Scot. By the Mes, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th grund for it, ay, or goe to death and Ile pay't as valorously as I may, that sal I fuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full fame heard some question tween you tway.

112] *surely* 3. 4
112] *that is*] om 3. 4

Welch Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation

Irish. Of my Nation? What is my Nation? Is a Villaine, and a Bastard, and a Knaue, and a Rascal! What is my Nation? Who talks of my nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and in the deruation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe so Christ saue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower The Towne sounds a Parley.

Welch Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre and there is an end.

Exit.

[III 3]

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King How yet resolves the Gouvernour of the Towne?
This is the latest Parle we will admit

There-

Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction,

defie vs to our worst,

For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.

11] *guiltie, 2.*

What say you, will you yeeld and this anoyd,
Or guiltie in defence be thus deftroyd?

Enter Gouvernour.

13] *succout 3*

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise so great a siege. therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and lues to thy soft mercie
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensible now

12

16

and *Alice 3*1.] *Alice 3* (and so
throughout).

Enter Katherine, Alice.

Kate. *Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vous parte fort bon Angloys englatara,

[III 4]

3] *Comen 2.*

Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.
Alice. La main madam de han.

[3. C 3]

4

[p. 79]
[COL. 1]

4 Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
Or like to men prowd of destruction,
Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
8 I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
12 In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grassie
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
16 Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waite and desolation?
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,
20 If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
24 We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
28 Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
32 Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your thrill-shrieking Daughters:

14.] *stewing* 4.16.] *gumes*17. *all* of 3, 4.26.] *Leuiathan*
26.] *a-shore* 3, 4.32.] *headdy* 2. *heady*, 3, 4.35.] *-shreiking* 3.
-shrieking 4.

[P 79]
[COL. 1]

Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards,
And their most reuerend Heads dash't to the Walls
Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
40 Doe breake the Clouds, as did the Wines of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Gouvernour.

44 *Gouer* Our expectation hath this day an end
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returns vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayse so great a Siege. Therefore great King,
48 We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates. Come Vnckle *Elieter*,
52 Goe you and enter Harflew, there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French.
Vie mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
56 Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

[III. 4.]

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame

4 *Kath* Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-
len. Comment appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il s'appelle de Hand.

43] destroy'd ? 4

1] esté . parlous bien .

4. 5] m'enseigner (de
m'enseigner 4) . que
j'apprens . parler
Comment appelle . la
main .6] La est appelle
(appelle 2)

8] Owye

Kate E da bras.*Allce.* De arma madam.*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma.*Allce.* Owy e madam.*Kate.* E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.*Allce.* De neck, e de cin, madam.*Kate* E de neck, e de cin, e de code*Allce.* De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,

Le tude, o de elbo madam.

Kate. Ecowte Ie reherfere, towte cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.*Allce* De elbo madam.*Kate.* O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy,

ecoute Ie recontera

De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon

19] vou . Anglois 3

Allce. Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys
Ase vous aues ettue en Englatara*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes,

Ie parle milleur

[P 79]
[col 2]

8

*Kath. De Hand.**Alice. E le doys**Kat. Le doys, ma fuy Je oultie, e doyt may, ie me foumeray le doys ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.**Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, ie pense que ie suis le lon escholier.**Kath. Fay gainie deux mots d' Anglois visement, coment appelle vous le ongles?**Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.**Kath. De Nayles escoute. dites moy, si ie parle lien de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.**Alice. C'est lien dict Madame, il s' fort lon Anglois**Kath. Dites moy l' Anglois pour le lras.**Alice. De Arme, Madame.**Kath. E de coude.**Alice. D' Ellou.**Kath. D' Ellou. Ie men fay le reputio de tous les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.**Alice. Il s' trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense**Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, de Billou**Alice. D' Ellou, Madame.**Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Ellou, coment appelle vous le col.**Alice. De Nick, Madame.**Kath. De Nick, e le menton.**Alice. De Chin.**Kath. De Sin. le col de Nick, le menton de Sin**Alice. Ouy Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronoucie les mots ausi droit, que le Natifs d' Angleterre**Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, s' en peu de temps.**Alice. N' auez vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a ensignie.*8] *doyt*9, 10] *Le doyt. le doyt, m. s. . . sous tendre le doyt. . . appelle de l'as 4) fingres (anger 2) 11] La main. le doyt*13] *engign deux. comment*14] *appellé les ongles*15] *Les ongles*16] *escouter.*17] *om*18] *dit. . . il est*19] *moy en Anglois le bras*21] *le coude*23] *. . m'en fuste la repetition de tous*24] *m'aves. des*25] *Il est*27] *d' Arme*29-30] *comment appellé*31] *Neck (so throughout).*32] *s' le manton ([?] 3, 4)*34] *manton*35] *prononcies 2, 3 -ciks*36] *aussi Natifs 3, 4*37] *par la 2, 4 par le 3.*39] *N'avez vous pas . . ay enseigné (oublié 4)*

24] foot, . . . weu 3

Coman fe pella vou le peid e le robe.

Alice. Le foot, e le con.

Kate. Le fot, e le con, ô Iesu ' Ie ne vew point parle,
 Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
 Pur one million ma foy

24

28] écoute 3

Alice, Madam, de foote, e le con.

Kate. O et ill aufie, ecowte *Alice,* de han, de arma,
 De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

28

31] dinner 2.

Alice. Cet fort bon madam.*Kate.* Aloues a diner.*Exit omnes.*

Bourbon 3

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,
 and Bourbon*

[III 5]

King. This certaine he is past the Riuer Some.

3] (The. luxury) 3

Con. Mordeu ma via Shall a few spranes of vs, [2 C 3. v]
 The emptying of our fathers luxerie,

Outgrow their grafters.

4

Bur Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du
 And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,
 Ile sell my Dukedome

[P 79]
[COL. 2]

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Mayles.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ellow.

44 *Alice* Sans vostre honeus d'Ellow

Kath. Aussi de ie d'Ellow, de Nick, & de Sin coment appelle vous les pied & de rola.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

48 *Kath.* Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il font le mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'iser. Je ne voudray prononcer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le
52 Foot & le Count, neant moys, Je recitera vn autrefois ma leon ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Aime, d'Ellow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

56 *Kath* C'est assez pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit

[III. 5]

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

King 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuier Some

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,

Let vs not lue in France : let vs quit all,

4 And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu viuant Shall a few Sprayes of vs,

The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,

Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,

8 Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,

And ouer-looke their Grafters ?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards

Mort du ma vie, if they march along

12 Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

40] Nonome reciteray

41] de Nayles, Madame.

44] Sar 4. honneur

45] dis-se — de Ellow 3
comment.

46] peill

48] . ce sont des .

49 de son] om grosse] om

50] les Dames d'Honneur
voudrais prononcer
ees . (ven trois 3)

51] tout il faut le

52] neant moins . re-

critera

53] ensemble

54] de Count 3, 4

56] assez . foyes, allons
nous en diner

Exeunt.

To

7] (part of l 7, p 88)

for a foggy farme
 In that short nooke Ile of England
Confi. Why whence haue they this mettall?
 Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde
 On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
 Can barley broath, a drench for swolne Iades

8

12

16] *Ice sickles 2.**Ice sickles 3*17] (1. *clymate*) 3*Ice sickles 5.*

Their foddren water decockt such liuely blood?
 And shall our quick blood spirited with wine
 Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
 Let vs not hang like frozen Icefickles
 Vpon our houfes tops, while they a more frosty clymate
 Sweate drops of youthfull blood

16

[p 80]
[COL 1]

To buy a flobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

16 *Confi Dieu de Battailes*, where haue they this mettell ?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull ?
On whom, as in despyght, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes Can sodden Water,
20 A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoſt their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat ?
And ſhall our quicke blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie ? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles
24 Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields .
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin By Faith and Honor,
28 Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will gue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ftore France with Baſtard Warriors
32 *Brit* They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loſtie Run-aways
36 *King* Where is *Montoy* the Herald ? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field
40 *Charles Delabreth*, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iagues Chattilton, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
44 *Beumont*, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loyſ, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciqual*, and *Charaloyes*,

22] for the honor 3, 4.

26] we may call

39] *hiz* 441] *Duke* 442] *Burgondie*, 3, 443] *Vaudemont*,44] *Beaumont*, 3, 4

20] *give* 2 (-) 321] *Rhane* 322 *do* om 2.and *Flewellen* 3*King.* Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,

To know what willing raunfome he will give?

Sonne Dolphin you shall stay in *Rone* with me.*Dol.* Not fo I do befeech your Maestie*King.* Well, I say it shalbe fo.*Exeunt omnes.**Enter Gower.**Go* How now Captain *Flewellen*, / come you frō

the bridge?

Flew. By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmittedat y^e bridge.*Gour* Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?*Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, / & I honor,

20

[III 6]

[p 80]
[col. 1]

High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings,
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames
48 Barre *Harry* England, that sweepees through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew
Rufh on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhowme vpon
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

56 *Const* This becomes the Great
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March.
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
60 Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranfome

King Therefore Lord Constable, haft on *Montjoy*,
And let him say to England, that we fend,
64 To know what willing Ranfome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan

Dolph Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie
King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
68 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt*

[III 6]

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

4 *Flu*. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Aga-*

58 *their*] the 3. 4

66 *Not so, I*] *Not I, I*
3. 4

Welsh and English, 3. 4

10 *very*] *vet n* 211] *Jeshu* 312 *a man*] *om* 319] *a fauour* 3

23-4] one line 3

25] *God's* 336 *and*] *am*38] *hangd* 3.

And I worship, with my soule, / and my heart, and my life, /
And my lands and my liuings,

And my vtermoſt powers || The Duke is looke you,
/ God be praised and pleaſed for it, / no harme in the worrell /
He is maintain the bridge very gallantly / there is an Enſigne
There, / I do not know how you call him, / but by Ieſus I think
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, / he doth maintain
the bridge moſt gallantly · / yet he is a man of no reckoning ·
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruiſe. [10 C 4]

Gouer How do you call him?

Flew His name is ancient *Piſtoll*.

Gouer I know him not

Enter Ancient Piſtoll

Flew Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well. (his hands

Flew. I, and I praife God I haue merited ſome loue at

Piſt *Bardolfe* a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate || And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe ſtone

Flew. By your patience ancient *Piſtoll*,
/ Fortune, looke you is painted,

Blind / with a muſſer before her eyes, /
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blind :

And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities
And her fate is fixed at a ſpherical ſtone

Which routes, and routes, and routes
Surely the Poet is make an excellēt deſcriptio of Fortune
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

Piſt Fortune is *Bardolfe*s foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hanged muſt he be

8

12

16

20

23-4

28

32

36

[p. 80]

[col. 2]

8 *memnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my lue, and my lung,
and my vttermoſt power He is not, God be prayſed and
bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepe the Bridge
moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline There is an aunchient
12 Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee
him doe as gallant ſeruice.

16 *Gower.* What doe you call him ?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pyloll*

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pyloll.

Flu Here is the man.

20 *Pyl.* Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well

Flu I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at
his hands

24 *Pyl.* *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and gddie
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blud, that
ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone

28 *Flu* By your patience, aunchient *Pyloll* Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muſſer afore his eyes, to ſignifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde, and ſhee is painted alſo
with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of
32 it, that ſhee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Sphercall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles
in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription
36 of it Fortune is an excellent Morall

Pyl. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him
for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be. a damned

38 a damned] om a

A damned death, let gallows gape for dogs,
 Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop
 But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, [40 C 4 v]
 For packs of pettie price .

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
 And let not *Bardolfs* vitall threed be cut,
 With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.

Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew Certainly Antient *Pistoll*, / tis not a thing to reioyce at, /
 For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
 To do his pleasure, and put him to executions . / for look you,
 Disciplines ought to be kept, / they ought to be kept

Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spame* within thy Iawe.

Flew. That is very well. [Exit *Pistoll*.

Pist I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.

Fle Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder ?

Gour. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flew By Iesus hees vtter as prauē words vpon the bridge
 As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, / but its all one,
 What he hath sed to me, / looke you, is all one /

Go Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue / that goes to the wars
 Onely to grace himselfe / at his returne to London . /
 And such fellowes as he,

Are perfect in great Commaunders names

They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
 At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

At such a conuoy who came off brauely, who was shot,
 Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.

And this they can perfectly in phraze of warre,

53] a fig 3

62] but tis 3

72 con] can 2.

10

44

48

52

56

60

64

68

72

[p 80]
[COL. 2]

40

death: let Gallows gape for Dogge, let man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate but *Exeter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
and let not *Bardolph*s vitall thred bee cut with edge of
44 Penny-Cord, and vile reproach Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite

Flu. Aunchient *Pistol*, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning

48

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vse his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
52 tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well

Pist. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

56

Flu. Very good

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
remember him now a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

60

Flu. Ile assure you, a vitred as prauie words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day but it is very
well what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue

64

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done,
68 at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
uoy who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on. and thus they
conne perfitly in the phraze of Warre; which they trucke

73] *tun'd* 3.

75] *ale-washt* 2

78] *maruellously* 3

Enter

88. *like you now*] om. 3

Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, / & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, / and a horid shout of the campe / [74 D]
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on . but you must learne
To know such flanders of this age,

Or el se you may maruellously be mistooke

Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, / looke you,
That I did take him to be . / but when time shall serue,

I shall tell him a litle / of my desires here comes his Maiestie

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduerfame hath bene great,
Very reasonably great . but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew :
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, / & his fire out /

[p. 81]
[COL. 1]

vp with new-tuned Oathes· and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or elie you may be maruellously misstooke.

76

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower* I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my munde· hearken you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

80

Drum and Colours Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie.

84

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prau passages· marry, th'athuersarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a prau man.

88

92 . *King* What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu The perdition of th'athuersarie hath benee very great, reasonnable great· marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

96

100

76 he] he be 4

81 Accurde] hear 3. 4
is; has 4.

86] has 3, 4

96] <i>here we</i> 3.	<i>King.</i> We would haue all offenders so cut off, And we here giue expresse commaundment, That there be nothing taken from the villages / but paid for, None of the French abused, /	96
99] <i>vphraided</i> 3.	Or abraided with disdainfull language For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome, The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.	100
<i>the French</i> 3	<i>Enter French Herald</i> <i>Hera</i> You know me by my habit <i>Ki.</i> Well thē, we know thee, / what shuld we know of thee? /	
104-5.] one line 3	<i>Hera.</i> My maisters minde <i>King</i> Vnfold it. <i>Heral.</i> Go thee vnto <i>Harry of England</i> , and tell him, Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse [107 D v] Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.	104 108
110] <i>our folly</i> , 2	Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall, England shall repent her folly see her rashnesse, And admire our sufferance Which to raunsome,	
	His pettinesse would bow vnder For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake · / For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe Kneeling / at our feete, a weake and withoutlesse satisfaction / To this, adde defyanse /	112 116
	/ So much from the king my maister. /	

[p 81]
[col 1]

King Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
104 the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for none of the French
vpbrayded or abused in diddaineſul Language, for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
108 Gameſter is the ſoonest winner.

107] *Leuitie**Tucket. Enter Mountioy**Mountioy* You know me by my habit*King.* Well then, I know thee what ſhall I know of
thee?112 *Mountioy.* My Maſters mind.*King* Vnfold it

Mountioy Thus ſayes my King Say thou to *Harry*
of England, Though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleepe.
116 Advantage is a better Souldier then raſhneſſe Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee
thought not good to bruiſe an iurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee ſpeake vpon our Q and our voyce is im-
120 periall. England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weake-
neſſe, and admire our ſufferance Bid him therefore con-
ſider of his ranſome, which muſt proportion the loſſes we
haue borne, the ſubiects we haue loſt, the diſgrace we
124 haue digeſted, which in weight to re-anſwer, his petti-
neſſe would bow vnder. For our loſſes, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th' effuſion of our bloud, the Muſter of his
Kingdome too faint a number, and for our diſgrace, his
128 owne perſon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
leſſe ſatiſfaction. To this adde defiance and tell him for
concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe con-
demnation is pronounc't. So farre my King and Maſter;
132 ſo much my Office

115 *did*] *bid* 2124] *digeſted* 2.

	<i>King</i> What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.	
	<i>Herald Montjoy.</i>	
120 thy] the 2	<i>King.</i> Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,	120
	And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now .	
	But could be well content, without impeach,	
	To march on to <i>Callis</i> for to faye the footh,	
123-4] (Though . . vantage, 3	Though tis no wifdome to confesse fo much	
	Vnto an enemye of craft and vantage.	124
126] lessened,	My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeeble,	
	My Army lessened, and those fewe I haue,	
	Almost no better then so many French :	
	Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,	128
	I thought vpon one paire of English legges,	
	Did march three French mens	
131.] God forgive me, 3	Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus .	
132. Thus] om 3 heire] dire 3	This your heire of <i>France</i> hath blowne this vice in me	132
	I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,	
	My raunfome is this frayle and worthlesse body,	
	My Army but a weake and fickly garde.	
	Yet God before, we will come on,	136
	If <i>France</i> and such an other neighbour	
	stood in our way	
	If we may passe, we will . if we be hindered,	
140] there's 3	We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour	
141 our] your 2.	So <i>Montjoy</i> get you gone, there is for your paines :	140
	The sum of all our answere is but this,	
	We would not seeke a battle as we are : [142 D. 2.]	
143 will] shall 2	Nor as we are, we say we will not thun it.	
	<i>Herauld.</i> I shall deliuer fo thanks to your Maiestie.	144
	<i>Glof.</i> My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.	

[p. 81]
[COL. 2]*King.* What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.*Mount. Mountjoy.**King* Thou doo'st thy Office fairely Turne thee back,

136 And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,

But could be willing to march on to Callice,

Without impeachment . for to say the sooth,

Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much

140 Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,

My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,

My numbers lessen'd . and those few I haue,

Almost no better then so many French;

144 Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,

I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges

Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,

That I doe bragge thus, this your ayre of France

148 Hath blowne that vice in me I must repent

Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am ,

My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Tynke ,

My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard

152 Yet God before, tell him we will come on,

Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy.*

Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.

156 If we may passe, we will . if we be hindred,

We shall your tawne ground with your red blood

Discolour and so *Mountjoy*, fare you well

The summe of all our Answer is but this .

160 We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,

Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it

So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so Thankes to your Highnesse.164 *Glouc.* I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

144. three] the 3

148.] Exit 3 (Ital)

and Gebon 3

8 a the] of the 3

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs

To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.

Conf. Tut I haue the best armour in the world

Orleance You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Burbon Now you talke of a horse, / I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, / nothing but pure ayre and fire, /
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

[See lines
5-6 above]

[p 81]
[COL. 2]

King We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our felues,
168 And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt*

[III. 7]

*Enter the Conſtable of France, the Lord Ramlurs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others*

Orleans, 4.

Conſt. Tut, I haue the beſt Armour of the World.
would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour but let my
4 Horſe haue his due.

Conſt. It is the beſt Horſe of Europe.

Orleance Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
8 ſtable, you talke of Horſe and Armour?

Orleance You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
12 my Horſe with any that treades but on foure poſtures -
ch'ha he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres. *le Cheual volante*, the Pegafus, *ches les narines de
feu.* When I beſtryde him, I ſoare, I am a Hawke. he trots
16 the ayre the Earth ſings, when he touches it the beſt
horne of his hooffe, is more Muſicall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

12] *paſternes*

14] *volant,*

Orleance Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph And of the heat of the Ginger It is a Beaſt
20 for *Perſeus* hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient ſillneſſe while his Rider mounts him: hee
24 is indeede a Horſe, and all other lades you may call
Beaſts.

Turne all the fands into eloquent tongues,
And my horſe is argument for them all

11 *the*] om 2

12 Wonder of nature]

13] *haue haue* 2

I once writ a Sonnet in the praife of my horſe,
And began thus Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo,
In the praife of ones Miſtreſſe

Burb. Why then did they immitate / that
Which I writ in praife of my horſe, /
For my horſe is my miſtreſſe.

18] *me-thought* 3.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your miſtreſſe ſhooke you ſhrewdly.

12

16

[p 82^u
[col. 1]

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

25 *Dolph* It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orlance. No more Cousin.

32 *Dolph* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deferred praye on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea. Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues,
36 and my Horse is argument for them all 'tis a subiect for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
40 and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayfe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature*

Orlance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

44 *Dolph.* Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse

Orlance. Your Mistresse beares well

48 *Dolph.* Me well, which is the pcrfcript prayfe and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours

52 *Const.* Mine was not bridled

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers

56 *Const.* You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then they that ride so, and

34] *Thresme 2*39] *a-part 3 a part 4*47 *Dolph*] Well 255 *your*] *you 3, 4*

23 *had had] had*

Bur. I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Conftable,
My miftrefle weares her owne haire.

20

Con I could make as good a boaft of that,
If I had had a ſow to my miftrefle.

Bur. Tut thou wilt make vie of anything.

24

Con. Yet I do not vie my horſe for my miftrefle.

27] to 2.

Bur. Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mile,

And my way ſhalbe paved with Engliſh faces. [28 D 2 v]

28

30.] *out-faced* 3.

Con By my faith ſo will not I,

For feare I be outfaced of my way. .

[For fol lines 36-9, ſee Qo lines 52-5]

Exit 3. (Ital)

Bur. Well ile go arme my ſelfe, hay.

Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning

32

[p. 82]
[COL 1]

60

ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horie to my Mistresse.

Conft. I had as liue haue my Mistresse a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his owne hayre.

64

Conft. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Dolph. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement est la leuue lauee au l'ourrier:* thou mak'st vie of any thing.

68

Conft. Yet doe I not vie my Horie for my Mistresse, or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

72

Conft. Starres my Lord

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope

Conft. And yet my Sky shall not want

76

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

Conft. Eu'n as your Horie beares your prayes, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismount-
ed

80

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

84

Conft. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way but I would it were morning. for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Prisoners?

88

Conft. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

61 line] *leue* 3, 4.

66] -né ... vomissement,

85 so] om 3, 4

[86-g, see Qo ll 52-5, p. xto]

35] *neuer neuer 2*37.] *theres 2, theres 3*45] *of 2.**Or.* I he longs to eate the English.*Con.* I thinke heele eate all he killes.*Orle.* O peace, ill will neuer said well.*Con.* Ile cap that prouerbe,

With there is flattery in friendship.

Or O fir, I can answere that,

With gree the diuel his due

Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,

With a logge of the diuel

Or. Well the Duke of *Burton*, is simply,The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.*Con* Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.*Or.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.*Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.*Or.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.*Con.* I was told so by one that knows him better thē you.*Or.* Whose that?*Con* Why he told me so himselfe.

And said he cared not who knew it.

Or. Well who will go with me to hazard, [fol 11 86]

For a hundred English prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before you haue them.

36

40

44

48

52

87

88

89]

[p 82]
[col 2]

Ramb He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleanse. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-
lant Prince.

96 *Const.* Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the
Oath.

Orleanse. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of
France

100 *Const.* Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.

Orleanse. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow hee will keepe
that good name still.

104 *Orleanse* I know him to be val'ant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better
then you.

Orleanse. What's hee?

108 *Const.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
car'd not who knew it

Orleanse. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
him.

112 *Const.* By my faith Sir, but it is neuer any body saw
it, but his Lacquey 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
appeares, it will bate.

Orleanse Ill will neuer sayd well

116 *Const.* I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie
in friendship

Orleanse And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
his due

120 *Const.* Well plac't there stands your friend for the
Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
Pox of the Deuill.

124 *Orleanse* You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Granpeere*.

Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away:

[51-2, see Fol IV 11 63-4]

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day *Exit omnes.*

[62 D. 3.]

60. a. an] & an 2 an 3.

56

60

[p. 82]
[col. 2]

Const. You haue shot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

128 *Meff.* My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Meff. The Lord *Grandpree*.

132 *Const.* A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England hee longs
not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

136 *Orleance.* What a wretched and peeuisf fellow is this
King of England, to mope with his fat-brau'd followers
so farre out of his knowledge.

135] *fellowes* 2

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they
would runne away

140 *Orleance.* That they lack for if their heads had any in-
tellectual Armour, they could neuer weare such heame
Head-pieces.

140] *weare any such* 3, 4

144 *Ramb.* That Hand of England breedes very valiant
Creatures, their Mustiffes are of vnmatchable cou-
rage

148 *Orleance.* Foolish Curres, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their heads crusht
like rotten Apples. you may as well say, that's a valiant
Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe of a
Lyon.

148] *dare to eate* 3, 4

152 *Const.* Iust, iust. and the men doe sympathize with
the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on,
leauing their Wits with their Wiues. and then grue
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele, they
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Denils

Orleance. I,

[P 83]
[COL. 1.]

156

Orleanse. I, but these English are shrowdly out of
Beefe

155] *shrowdly*

Const. Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
stomackes to eate, and none to fight Now is it time to
arme come, shall we about it?

160

Orleanse It is now two a Clock but let me see, by ten
Wee shall haue each a hundred English men *Exeunt*

161] *Englishmen*

[IV]

*Actus Tertius**Chorus*

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerſe
4 From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army fully founds,
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
8 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile sees the others vंबर'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare and from the Tents,
12 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Ruets vp,
Gue dreadfull note of preparation
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle
16 And the third howre of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,

[p 83]
[col. I]

20 Doe the low-rated English play at Dice,
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ugly Witch doth limpe
So tediouslly away The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires

24 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatē
The Mornings danger and their gesture sad,
Inuesting Ianke-Ieane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Countenances,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone

28 So many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this run'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent,
Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head

32 For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countrey-men
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,

36 How dread an Army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night.
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,

40 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes
A Largeesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,

44 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.

48 A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye
Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

35 *has*] *this*46] *define*,

[p. 85]
[col. 2]

The Name of Agincourt Yet fit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mockries bee
Exit

[IV. 1]

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester

King Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be
God morrow Brother *Bedford* God Almightye,
4 There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry
8 Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all, admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fauently for our end
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
12 And make a Morall of the Duell himselfe

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turfe of France
16 *Erping* Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased
20 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie
24 Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas* Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe,
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon

3] *Good morrow* 3, 4.18] *paue*,23] *celerity* 3, 4

the om 2

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

[IV. 1]

Pist Ke ve la ⁊*King* A friend3] *thou* a 3*Pist* Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?

Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

4

King No fir, I am a Gentleman of a Company*Pist* Trailes thou the pusiant pike?*King* Euen so fir What are you?*Pist* As good a gentleman as the Emperour

8

King O then thou art better then the King?*Pist* The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.11 *Pist*] om*Pist* A lad of lite, an impe of fame

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

12

I kis his durtie shoe and from my hart strings

I loue the lovely bully What is thy name?

King. *Harry* le Roy*Pist* Le Roy, a Cornish man

16

Art thou of Cornish crew?

King No fir, I am a Welchman*Pist* A Welchman knowst thou *Flewellen*?*King* I fir, he is my kinsman.

20

[n. 83]
[COL. 2]

28 Desire them all to my Paulion
Gloster. We shall, my Liege
Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
King. No, my good Knight
 Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England
 32 I and my Bosome must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company
Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleste thee, Noble
Harry. *Ereunt*
King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speakest cheare-
 fully *Enter Pistoll*
 36 *Pist.* *Che vous la?*
King. A friend
Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
 base, common, and popular?
 40 *King.* I am a Gentleman of a Company
Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?
King. Euen so what are you?
Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor
 44 *King.* Then you are a better then the King
Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
 Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
 most valiant. I kisse his durte shooe, and from heart-
 48 string I loue the louely Bully What is thy Name?
King. *Harry le Roy*
Pist. *Le Roy?* a Cornish Name art thou of Cornish Crew?
King. No, I am a Welchman.
 52 *Pist.* Know'st thou *Fluellen*?
King. Yes
Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
 S. *Dawes* day
 56 *King.* Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
 that day, leaft he knock that about yours

40 am a] am 4

44 a] om 4

57] lest 3. 4.

Pist Art thou his friend?

Kin I fir

Pist. Figa for thee then my name is *Pistoll*

Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse

Pist *Pistoll* is my name

24

Exit Pistoll

Enter Gower and Flewellen

Gow Captaine *Flewellen*.

Flew In the name of Iesu speake lower

It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the aunient

Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,

You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there

28

[31 D 3 v]

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,

And the ceremonies, to be otherwife.

32

Gow. Why the enemy is loud you heard him all night

Flew Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Affe & a Foole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also / a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, / in your conscience now ? /

36

Gow. Ile speake lower.

Flew I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gow* er

Exit Gower, and Flewellen

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet theres much care in this

40

Enter three Souldiers

27] *French* 2
lower 3

31] *bibble babbie* 3

[p 84]
[col. 1]*Pist* Art thou his friend ?*King* And his Kinsman too60 *Pist* The *Fig*o for thee then*King*. I thanke you God be with you*Pist* My name is *Pist*ol call'd *Exit.**King*. It ferts well with your fiercenesse*Manet King**Enter Fluellen and Gower*64 *Gower* Captaine *Fluellen*

68 *Flu* 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer it
is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when
the true and aunchient Prerogaufes and Lawes of the
Warres is not kept if you would take the paines but to
examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde,
I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble ba-
ble in *Pompeyes* Campe I warrant you, you shall finde
72 the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and
the Formes of it, and the Sobriete of it, and the Modestie
of it, to be otherwise.

76 *Gower* Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all
Night

80 *Flu*. If the Enemie is an Affe and a Foole, and a pra-
ting Coxcombe, is it meet, thinke you, that wee should
also, looke you, be an Affe and a Foole, and a prating Cox-
combe, in your owne conscience now ?

Gow I will speake lower*Flu* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

84 *King*. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

*Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams*

67] ancient 4

70-1] tiddle babble
3. 4

1. *Soul* Is not that the morning yonder ?

2. *Soul* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no

3. *Soul*. Well I thinke the king could with himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare ?

3 *S*. Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende

Kin Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *S*. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we

Kin Nay say not so, he is a man as we are
The Violet smells to him as to vs

Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do

48] *good* 3

50] *day to an end* 3.

52 *be*] om 2
such] om 3

54. *as to*] *as unto* 3

44

48

52

[p. 84]
[COL. I.]

Court Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning
which breakes yonder?

88 *Bates* I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to
desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,
but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it Who goes
there?

92 *King.* A Friend

Williams Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King Vnder Sir *John Erpingham*

96 *Williams* A good old Commander, and a most kinde
Gentleman - I pray you, what thinke he of our estate?

King Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to
be waft off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

100 *King* No nor it is not meet he should for though I
speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am
the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me, the Element
shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but
104 humane Conditions his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-
kednesse he appeares but a man, and though his affec-
tions are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe,
they stoupe with the like wing therefore, when he sees
reason of feares, as we doe, his feares, out of doubt, be of
108 the same relish as ours are yet in reason, no man should
possesse him with any appearance of feare, least hee, by
shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army

112 *Bates* He may shew what outward courage he will
but I beleeeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish him-
selfe in Thames vp to the Neck, and so I would he were,
and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here

116 *King* By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

110] *lest* 3, 4

2 *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
 If his cause be not good when all those foules
 Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
 Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
 And say *I* dyed at such a place. Some swearing
 Some their wiues rawly left
 Some leauing their children poore behind them

[62 D 4]

Now if his cause be bad, / I think it will be a greuous matter
 (to him /

[Fol 144-6, see Quarto 69, 70, 71]

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
 As Factor into another Countrey,
 And he by any meanes miscarry,

[p. 84]
[COL 2]

King I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where,
but where hee is

Bates. Then I would he were here alone, so should he be
sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lues saved

119] om

King I dare not, you loue him not so ill, to wish him
here alone howsoeuer you speake this to feeble other
mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented,
as in the Kings company, his Cause being iust, and
his Quarrell honorable

Williams That's more then we know

Bates I, or more then wee should seeke after, for wee
know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects
if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes
the Cryme of it out of vs

Williams But if the Cause be not good, the King him-
selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those
Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaille,
shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed
at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon,
some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them,
some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children
rawly left I am asfeard, there are few dye well, that dye
in a Battaille for how can they chauntably dispose of any
thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men
doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King,
that led them to it, who to disobey, were against all proportion
of subiection.

136] Surgeon.

139 a] om

142] whom 3, 4

King So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about
Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea, the imputation
of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his
Father that sent him or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters
command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by
Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd

68] *misfortune*

You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune
Or if a sonne be employd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation

68

72.] *servant, 3*

But the master is not to answer for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects
For they purpose not their deaths, / whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift / of premeditated (uices /
Murder on them /
Others the broken scale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens

72

76

78] *out-strip 3*

Now if these outstrip the lawe,

Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel War is Gods vengeance

80

Euery mans seruice is the kings
But euery mans soule is his owne
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made

84

[p 84]
[col. 2]

Iniquities, you may call the businesse of the Master the
 author of the Seruants damnation but this is not so
 152 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings
 of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master
 of his Seruant, for they purpose not their death, when
 they purpose their seruices Besides, there is no King, be
 156 his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitre-
 ment of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Soul-
 diers some (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of
 premeditated and contriued Murther, some, of begui-
 160 ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periuirne, some,
 making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before go-
 red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robbe-
 rie Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-
 164 runne Nature punishment, though they can out-strip
 men, they haue no wings to flye from God Warre is
 his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance so that here men
 are punishd, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
 168 now the Kings Quarrell where they feared the death,
 they haue borne life away, and where they would bee
 safe, they perish Then if they dye unprouded, no more
 is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be-
 172 fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are
 now visited. Euery Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but
 euery Subjects Soule is his owne Therefore should
 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
 176 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience and
 dying so, Death is to him aduantage, or not dying,
 the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
 gayned and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
 180 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
 lue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
 how they should prepare.

175 ioe] om 4

Will 'Tis

88] 3 Soul 2, 3

89] is *on* 3

92 , *he*] om 3

93] 2 Sol 2
2 Soul 3

100] *you are an asse* 2,
you are a nasse 3

105] *Here's* 3

107.] *Kere* 2

108] *And ile assure* 2

3 *Lord* Yfaith he saies true
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him

King Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.

2 *L* I he said so, to make vs fight
But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,
And we neuer the wiser

King If I lue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe
[96 D 4 v]

2 *Sol* Mas youle pay him then, / tis a great displeasure
That an elder / gun, can do against a cannon, /
Or a subiect against a monarke

Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe

King Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter
Were it not at this time I could be angry

2 *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt

King. How shall I know thee ?

2 *Sol* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee

King Here is likewise another of mine,

And assure thee ile weare it

88

92

96

100

104

108

[p. 85]
[col. 1]

184

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to answer it

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him

188

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be ransom'd

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully but when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee ne're the wifer.

192

King. If I lue to see it, I will neuer trust his word after

196

Will. You pay him then that's a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure can doe against a Monarch you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather You'le neuer trust his word after, come, 'tis a foolish saying

200

King. Your reproofe is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you lue.

204

King. I embrace it

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell

208

Will. Heere's my Gloue Giue mee another of thine

King. There.

212

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap if euer thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare

King. If euer I lue to see it, I will challenge it.

183] *ill is euer* 4184] *for it* 3, 4194 *out*] *our* 4195 *and a*] *a om* 3, 4198] *after*. 2, 3, (1) 4.201 *were*] *om* 4214 *take*] *give* 3, 4

2 *Sol* Thou dar'ft as well be hangd

III } *enter* 3

3 *Sol* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels now in hand
We haue no need of English broyles

112

Kin Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morrow the king himfelfe wil be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers

[p. 85]
[col. 1]*Will.* Thou dar'st as well be hang'd*King* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie*Will* Keepe thy word . fare thee well220 *Bates* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.*Exit Souldiers.*

Exeunt

224 *King.* Indeeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shoulders but it is no English Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will be a Clipper228 Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King
We must beare all.232 O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of every scole, whose fence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,231 *We*] *He* 3. 4236 That priuate men enioy ?
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie ?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?235] *heart-ease* 3. 4240 What kind of God art thou ? that suiter'st more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers
What are thy Rents ? what are thy Commings in ?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth244 What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?
Art thou ought elie but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men ?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
248 Then they in fearing244] *Soul* 3. 4 *Adoration* ?

[p 85]
[col 2]

What drunk'tt thou oft, in stead of Homage to set,
 But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
 And bid thy Ceremonie gree thee cure
 252 Thinks thou the fierre Feuer will goe out
 With Titles blowne from Adulation?
 Will it gree place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'tt the beggers knee,
 256 Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
 That play'ft so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
 I am a King that hnd thee. and I know,
 'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
 260 The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Impenall,
 The enter-trifled Robe of Gold and Pearle,
 The farfed Title running 'fore the King,
 The Throne he fits on. nor the Tyde of Pompe,
 264 That beates vpon the high shore of this World
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie,
 Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,
 Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue
 268 Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,
 Neuer sees hornde Night, the Child of Hell
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
 272 Sweates in the eye of *Phabus*; and all Night
 Sleepes in *Elizum* next day after dawne,
 Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,
 And followes so the euer-running yeere
 276 With profitable labour to his Graue
 And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
 Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King
 280 The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
 Enioyes it, but in grosse braine little wots,

254 Will] Will 2

257 That] Thou 3, 4

265] Ceremonies,

272] *Phabus* 4274] *Hesperion*

Enter to the 3

*Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and
Attendants.*

117] *opposed* 2118] *apale* 3119] *too* . *too* O 3

K O God of battels feele my fouldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of reckoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage

O not to day, not to day ô God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne

I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood

A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
Which every day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries,

128] *two*

more wil I do

Tho all that I can do, is all too little.

Enter Gloster

Glost My Lord

King. My brother *Glosters* voyce

Glost My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your presence.

King Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,

134] *day,*

The day my friends, and all things stayes for me

116

120

124

128

[125 E]

132

[p. 85]
[col. 2]

What watch the King keepe, to maintaine the peace,
Whose howres, the Pefant best aduantages

Enter Erpingham

284 *Erp* My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abfence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King Good old Knight, colleét them all together
At my Tent Ile be before thee

288 *Erp* I fhall doo't, my Lord *Erit*

King O God of Battailes, fteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poffeffe them not with feere Take from them now
The fence of reckning of th'oppofed numbers

291 *th'* the 3, 4

292 Pluck their hearts from them Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compaffing the Crowne
I *Richards* body haue interred new,

296 And on it haue beftowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iffued forced drops of blood
Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

300 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood
And I haue built two Chuntries,
Where the sad and folemne Priests fmg ftill
For *Richards* Soule More will I doe

304 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth,
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon

Enter Gloucefter

Glouc My Liege

308 *King.* My Brother *Gloucefters* voyce? I
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee
The day, my friend, and all things ftay for me.

308 *I*] om 3, 4

Exeunt.

[p. 86]
[col. 1]*Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramlurs, and
Beaumont*Orleance The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my
Lords1] *Armour, up 2, 3. At-*
*mour, up, 4*Dolph. Monte Cheual My Horſe, Verlot Lacquay
Ha3] *Verlot Valet*

Orleance Oh braue Spirit

4 Dolph *Via les eues Et terre*Orleance *Rien puis le air Et feu.*Dolph Cien, Cousin Orleance *Enter Conſtable*6] *Cien 3, 4.*

Now my Lord Conſtable?

8 Conſi Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Seruice
neigh.Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage ha12 Ram What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?*Enter Meſſenger.*Meſſeng The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French
Peeres16 Conſt. To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe.
Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band,
And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the ſhales and huſkes of men
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
20 Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtileax a ſtayne,
That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport Let vs but blow on them,
24 The vapour of our Valour wil o're-terne them
'Tis poſſiue againſt all exceptions, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacques, and our Peſants,21] *Curtile-ax 4*23] *them 4*25] *'gainſt*
25] *exception 3, 4.*

[p 86]
[col. 1]

28

Who in vnneceſſarie action ſwarme
About our Squares of Battaille, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe,
Though we vpon this Mountaines Bafis by,
Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation

32

But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay ?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done then let the Trumpets ſound
The Tucket ſoundance, and the Note to mount
For our approach ſhall fo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld

36

Enter Graundpree

40

Grandpree Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France ?
Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones,
Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let looſe,
And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully.
Bigge *Mars* ſeemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſtie Beuer peepes

44

The Horſemen fit like fixed Candleſticks,
With Torch-ftaues in their hand · and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hudes and hips
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Butt

48

Lyes foule with chaw'd-graffe, ſtill and motionleſſe
And their executors, the knauish Crowes,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.

52

Deſcription cannot fute it ſelfe in words,
To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaille,
In life ſo lueleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe

56

Conſt. They haue ſaid their prayers,
And they ſtay for death.

Dolph Shall we goe ſend them Dinners, and freſh Sutes,

40] *Ill-fauoredly* 3
Ill-fauor'dly 4

47] *drooping the hude*

50] *chaw'd grasse*

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

[IV. 3]

2] *There's . . . are all* 3

War. My Lords the French are very strong.

Ere There is five to one, and yet they all are fresh

War Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

Sal The oddes is all too great.

Farewell kind Lords

4

7] *Cla, . . . Lords, 3*

Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,

My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell

Clar Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,

And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

8

9] *true*

Enter the King 2

Enter King

War. O would we had but ten thousand men

Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England

King Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick* 9

12

[p 86]

[COL. 2]

60

And gree their fasting Horses Prouender,

And after fight with them?

Const I stay but for my Guard on

To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,

And vie it for my haste Come, come away,

64

The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day

Exeunt.

[IV. 3]

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham**with all his Host Salisbury, and**Westmerland.**Glov* Where is the King?*Bedf* The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaille*West* Of fighting men they haue full threefcore thousand

4

Exe There's five to one, besides they all are fresh*Salisb* Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes

God buy' you Princes all, Ile to my Charge

If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen,

8

Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,

My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee.

12

And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the true truth of valour

Eve Farwell kind Lord fight valiantly to day*Bedf* He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,

16

Princely in both

*Enter the King**West* O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England,

That doe no worke to day

20

King What's he that wishes so?4] *Exe* 413] *fam'd*

24 27] out-issues 3

Gods will, I would not loofe the honour
 One man would share from me, || Not for my Kingdome.
 No faith my Cousen, with not one man more,
 Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
 That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
 Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
 And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
 We would not die in that mans company,
 That feares his fellowship to die with vs
 This day is called the day of Cryſpin,
 He that outliues this day, and sees old age,
 Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
 And rowse him at the name of Cryſpin.
 He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
 Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
 And say, to morrow is S. Cryſpines day
 Then shall we in their flowing bowles
 Be newly remembred *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwick and *Yorke*
 Familiar in their mouthes as household words.

16

[20 E v]

20

24

28

32

[P 55⁷
[COL 2]

- My Cousin *Wyllmer*. — No, my rare Cousin
 If we are markt to dye, we are enow
 To doe our Countrey like and if to live,
 24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour
 Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more
 By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost
 28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare,
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires
 But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,
 I am the most offend'ng Soule alive
 32 No faith, my Couze, with not a man from England
 Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
 As one man more me thinks would share from me,
 For the best hope I haue. O, doe not with one more
 36 Rather proclaime it (*Wyllmerland*) though my Host,
 That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
 Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
 And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse
 40 We would not dye in that mans companie,
 That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs
 This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*
 He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
 44 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rowle him at the Name of *Crispian*.
 He that shall see this day, and lue old age,
 Will jeereely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
 48 And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*
 Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres
 Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot
 But hee'll remember, with aduantages,
 52 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,

33] lose 2, 4

34] & e-thir 43, 4

50] shall not be

Harry

36] doome, 3

40] brother. Be 3

46, 47 And ... speake]
 They were not there,
 what any speakes 3 (one
 line)
 48, Saint] S. 3.

56] King. Why—catch-
 word but omitted top of
 page 1, and omitted 2, 3,
 though not at top of
 page.

This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
 And from this day, vnto the generall doome
 But we in it shall be remembered

We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
 For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,
 Shalbe my brother be he nere so base,
 This day shall gentle his condition
 Then shall he strip his fleeces, and shew his skars
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day
 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
 Shall thinke themselves accurst,

And hold their manhood cheape,
 While any speake / that fought with vs
 Vpon Saint Crispines day. /

Glost My gracious Lord,
 The French is in the field.

Kin Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.

War Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

King Thou dost not with more help frō England coufen '

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more helpe, might fight this battle out. [55 E 2]

Why well said. That doth please me better,
 Then to with me one. You know your charge,
 God be with you all

Enter the Herald from the French

Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king Henry,
 What thou wilt giue for raunfome?

[p. 57]

[col. 1]

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 56 Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembered
 This story shall the good man teach his sonne
 And *Crispine Crispian* shall neere goe by,
 From this day to the ending of the World,
 60 But we in it shall be remembered,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers
 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother be he ne're so vile,
 64 This day shall gentle his Condition.
 And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
 Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here,
 And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,
 68 That fought with vs vpon Saint *Crispines* day

Enter Salisbury.

Sal My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed
 The French are brauely in their battailes set,
 And will with all expedience charge on vs
 72 *King* All things are ready, if our minds be so
West. Perith the man, whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou do'st not with more helpe from England,
 Couze
 76 *West.* Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile
King Why now thou hast vnwisht five thousand men
 Which likes me better, then to with vs one
 You know your places. God be with you all.

Tucket Enter Montjoy

80 *Mont* Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
 If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured Ouertthrow

64] *gentle* 465] *a-bed* 3, 468] *Crispian's* 475] *God* 3, 4

Kim Who hath sent thee now?

Her The Constable of *France*

Kim I prethy beare my former answer backe
 Bid them atcheue me, and then sell my bones
 Good God, why should they mock good fellows
 The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus ?
 While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt

64

68

68 4] *An.* 3

Finde graues within your realme of *France*

Tho buried in your dunghils, we shalbe famed,
 For there the Sun shall greete them,
 And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
 Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme
 The finel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France*
 Marke then abundant valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
 Bieakes forth into a second course of mischiefe,
 Killing in relaps of mortallitie
 Let me speake proudly,

72

76

Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
 Good argument I hope we shall not flye

80

57
col 1

84

For certainly, thou art to meete the Galle,
Thou needs must be engulged. Busses, in mercy

The Countesse desires thee, thou wilt munde
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retire

85

From off these fields where(wretches)their poore bodies
Must lie and fester

King Who hath sent thee now?

Mort The Countesse of France.

92

King I pray thee beare my former Answer back
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus?

95

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Native Graues upon the which, I trust

100

Shall witness live in Brasse of this dayes worke
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dung hills,
They shall be fam'd for there the Sun shall greet them

104

And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leaving their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France
Marke then abounding valour in our English

108

That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,
Breake out into a second course of muchiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie

112

Let me speake proudly. Tell the Countesse,
We are but Warriors for the working day
Our Gayneffe and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast
Good argument(I hope)we will not flye

107] *grasing,*

112] *besmyrcht* 3. 4

82] *flouendry. 2*

83] *hearts within are trim*
2

85] *They'l 3*

89 *soone*] *om. 2.*

93. *am*] *vm 3.*

95 Her] *Hor 2*

And time hath worne vs into flouendry.

But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,

And my poore fouldiers tel me, yet ere night

Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke

The gay new cloathes ore your French fouldiers eares,

And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,

As if it please God they shall,

Then shall our ranfome soone be leui'd. [89. E 2. v]

Saue thou thy labour Herauld

Come thou no more for ranfom, gentle Herauld.

They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones :

Which if they haue, as I wil leaue am them,

Will yeeld them litle, tell the Conftable.

Her. I shall deliuer fo
Exit Herauld.
Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,
The leading of the vaward.

Kin. Take it braue *Yorke.* / Come fouldiers lets away : /
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

[In the Qc. the following scene is preceded by
next, "Enter the foure French Lords", and
begins page E 3 v]

Enter Pyftoll, the French man, and the Boy.
Pyft. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

84

88

92

96

[IV. 4]

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[P 87]
[COL. 2]

And time hath worne vs into flouerie.
 But by the Maile, our hearts are in the trim
 And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
 They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
 120 The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
 And turne them out of seruice If they doe this,
 As if God please, they shall, my Ranfome then
 Will soone be leuyed
 124 Herauld, saue thou thy labour -
 Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld,
 They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts
 Which if they haue, as I will leaue ym them,
 128 Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable
Mont I shall, *King Harry* And so fare thee well
 Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more *Exit*
King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
 Ranfome

Enter Yorke.

132 *Yorke* My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
 The leading of the Vaward
King. Take it, braue *Yorke.*
 Now Souldiers march away,
 136 And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. *Exeunt*

[IV. 4]

Alarum *Excursions.**Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy**Pist.* Yeeld Curie.*French.* *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.*

4 *Pist.* Qualitee calme custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.**Pist.* O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman per-

130] shall 3.

2.] Gentil-homme . . . bone

3] qualite

4] Quality 4

2] *Monfire*, 11 3, and so 11
rest of so 11

French O Monfire, ie vous en pree auez petite de moy
Pyst Moy thall not ferue I will haue fortie moys

4. *Arme* 1 om 3

5] *ette*, 2

Boy aske him his name

Boy Comant ettes vous apelles ?

French. Monfier Fer.

Boy. He faies his name is Master *Fer*

Pyst Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him

Boy discus the same in French

Boy Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and fearkt.

Pyst Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate

Boy Feate, vou preat, ill voullies coupele votre gage

Pust. Ony e ma foy couple la goige

Vnlesse thou grie to me egiiegious raunfome, dye

One poynt of a foxe

French Qui dit ill monfiere

Ill ditye si vou ny vouty pa domy luy

Boy La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres

French O Iee vous en pu petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey Iee doneeres pour mon ranfome

Cinquante ocios. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de *France*.

Pust What sayes he boy ?

10, 11] one hne 3

11] *ferke* 2 *fearke* 3

13] *couple votre gorge* 3

14] *Ony* e 3

14 *ma* 1 *may* 2

16] In Itales 2

19] *voutueres* 3

20] *Ie* *petit* 3

21] *capitaine*

22] *see*

4

8

12

16

20

24

[p. 87]
[col 2]

pend my words O S^gneur Dewe, and m^r the O S^gneur
Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fo^r, except O S^gneur
thou doe giue to me egregious Ran^{so}ne

French O prenez my neardie aye p^{ar}z de moy

12 *Pyl* Moy thail not feras, I will haue fortune Moyes for
I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat. in droppes of
Cramion blood

French Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras

16 *Pyl* Brasse, Curre^z thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer si me Brasse^z

French O perdonne moy

20 *Pyl* Say'st thou me fo^r is that a Tonne of Moyes^z
Come h ther boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his
Name

Boy Escoute comment estes vous appelle^z

French Monsieur le Fer.

24 *Boy* He sayes his Name is M Fer

Pyl M Fer. Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him
discusse the same in French vnto him

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
28 firke

Pyl Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat

French. Que dit il Monsieur^z

32 *Boy* Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous
prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppez vostre
goige.

Pyl Owy, cuppele goige permafoy pesant, vuleste
thou gue me Crownes, braue Crownes, or mangled shalt
36 thou be by this my Sword.

French O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu ma par-
donner, Je suis le Gentilhomme de lon maison, gar de ma vie, Et Je
vous donneray deux cent escus

40 *Pyl* What are his words^z

11] prenez - corde
ayez faite

13] rym 4

15] Est-il la force 2,
3. 4 impossible 3. 4.

18] p^{ar} donne

22] appelle

23] Monsieur

24-5] M^r 4

30] dit-il Monsieur^z

31 a] de
vous faite vous] vous
vous teniez

32] couper

34] permafoy

37 ma] me

38 le] om . bonne

Boy. He

Boy Marry fir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
Houfe, of *France*: and for his ranfome,
He will giue you 500 crownes.

Pist. My fury fhall abate,
And I the Crownes will take.

28

And as I fuck blood, I will fome mercie fhew.
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

[In Qq. the following scene precedes the last above.]

Enter the foure French Lords.

[IV. 5]

[p. 88]
[COL. I]

Boy. He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman
of a good houle, and for his ransom he will giue you two
hundred Crownes.

44 *Pist* Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes
will take.

Fren Petit Monsieur que dit il ?

48 *Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner au-*
cune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a pro-
metes, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement

52 *Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remerciours, et*
le me estime heurux que le intombe, entre les main d'un Che-
ualier le peuse le plus traue valiant et tres dyigne siegneur
d'Angleterre.

Pist Expound vnto me boy

56 *Boy.* He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks,
and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath salue into
the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous
and thrice-worthy siegneur of England

60 *Pist.* As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew Fol-
low mee.

Boy. Saue vous le grand Capitaine?

64 I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a
heart but the saying is true, The empty vessell makes the
greatest found, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more
valour, then this roaring duell i'th olde play, that euene
one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and
they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst
steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the
68 Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might
haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none
to guard it but boyes

46] dit-il 2 dit-il 3, 4.

47] est contre

48-9] prisonnier neant-
moins escus . . luy
promettes (promises 2, 3)
. . . de vous donner la
. . . de franchise

50-3] ie vous donne . .
remerciement, & ie . .
heureux . . ne tombe . .
main . . ie pense . . .
destiné

55 *his* is 3

56 *and he* and

61] *Saue* 2. *Saue* 3, 4.

Capitaine 3, 4

62 *full* wofull

63 *saying* song

70.] *prey*

Exit.

[2V. 5]

Enter Constable, Orleans, Burbon, Dolphin,
and Ramburs.

2] *Mordu* 2

Ge O diabello
Conſt Mor du ma vie.
Or O what a day is this /
Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loſt

4

5] *enow* 3.

Con We are inough yet liuing in the field,
 To ſmother vp the Engliſh,
 If any order might be thought vpon.

8 *the* om 2

Bur A plague of order, once more to the field,
 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
 Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
 Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,
 Why leaſt by a ſlaue no gentler then my dog,
 His faireſt daughter is contamuracke

8

11] *baſe*

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyled vs, right vs now,
 Come we in heapes, wee le offer vp our lues
 Vnto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.

12

Come, come along,
 Lets dye with honour, our ſhame doth laſt too long.

16

Exit omnes. [E 3]

. . *King* with his . .
 and 2 *Kings*,
 his *Nobles*, and 3

Enter the King and his Nobles, Piſtoll

[IV 6]

2] *as not done, the*
French keeps ſtill 3

King What the French retire? [I E 3 v]
 Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field
Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace

[p 55]
[col 1]*Con* O Diable.*Orl* O figure le iour et perdis, toute et perdis*Dol* Mor Drea na vie, all is confounded all,

4 Reproach, and euerlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes

*A short Alarum**O meschante Fortune*, do not runne away*Con* Why all our rankes are broke.8 *Dol*, O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues,

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl Is this the King we sent too, for his ranfome?*Bur* Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow *Buillon* now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,

16 Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminated

Con. Disorder that hath spoyld vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues

20 *Orl* We are enow yet huing in the Field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur The duell take Order now, Ile to the throng,

24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long

Exit

[IV. 6]

Alarum Enter the King and his trayne,
with Prisoners*King* Well haue we done, thrice-ualiant Countmen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field*Exe* The D of York commends him to your Maesty2] *seigneur*, (e') &, (et) &3] *Mort* 3.10] *to*12] *dye* flye16] *W'ndist* by a1] *thrice valiant* 4.

9] *Yorke-fellow* 3
honour-dying 3.
 10 also] om 2
 11 *hasted*] *wounded* 3.
 12] *lay all slept* 3

14] *yawne* 3

18] *well-foughten* 3

24] *espousd* 3.

26] *newer-ending* 3

28] *I had not* 3

King Lues he good Vnckle, twife I fawe him downe,
 Twife vp againe.

From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

Ere In which aray, braue fouldier doth he lye,
 Larding the plaines, and by his bloody fide,
 Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
 The noble Earle of *Suffolke* alfo lyes.

Suffolke firt dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,
 Comes to him where in blood he lay fteep,
 And takes him by the beard, kifles the gaffes

That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
 And cryde aloud, tary deare coufin *Suffolke*
 My foule fhall thine keep company in heauen
 Tary deare foule awhile, then flie to ref

And in this glorious and well foughten field,
 We kept together in our chualdry
 Vpon thefe words I came and cheerd them vp,
 He tooke me by the hand,

faid deare my Lord,

Commend my feruice to my foueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke

He threw his wounded arme, and fo espousd to death,
 With blood he fealed. An argument

Of neuer ending loue. /

The pretie and sweet maner of it, /

Forft thofe waters from me, which I would haue ftopt,
 But I not fo much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into my eyes,
 And gaue me vp to teares.

Kin. I blame you not for hearing you,
 I muft conuert to teares.

Alarum foundes.

What new alarum is this?

[p. 88]
[COL. 2]

King Lives he good Vnckle · thrice within this houre
 I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
 From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.
Ere. In which array (brave Sold.er) doth he lye,
 8 Larding the plaine and by his bloody side,
 (Yoske-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
 The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes
 Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all haged ouer
 12 Comes to him, where in gore he lay inteepeed,
 And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
 He cryes aloud, Tarry my Coffin Suffolke,
 16 My soale shall thine keepe company to heauen
 Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then dye a-breist
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our Chualne.
 20 Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
 Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
 24 So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
 He threw his wounded arme, and kist his hippes,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A Testament of Noble-ending-loue
 28 The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
 But I had not so much of man in mee,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 32 And gaue me vp to teares.
King I blame you not,
 For hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.
 36 But hearken, what new alarum is this fame?

7] *Soldiers* 321] *caught* 3. 4.*Alarum*35] *too* 3. 4.

Bid euery fouldier kill his prifoner

Pyli Couple gorge. *Exit omnes*

[35 E. 4]

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

[IV. 7]

Flew Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,
In the worell now, in your confcience now.

4] *these's* 3

Gour Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left alhue,
And the cowardly rafcals that ran from the battell,
Themfelues haue done this slaughter
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent

4

Whervpon the king caufed euery prifoners
Throat to be cut O he is a worthy king

8

10] *Oh* 3

11] *I. . . Monmouth* 3

Flew I he was born at *Monmouth*
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

12

14] *great* 2

15] *not* 3 *big*, 2

Gour *Alexander* the great
Flew Why I pray, is nat big great?

17] *his* 3.

As if I fay, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Saue the frafe is a litle variation

16

21] *Macedon*, 2.

Gour I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon*

20

His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*, || As I take it

Flew I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed / where *Alexander*

[p 88,
[COL. 2]

The French haue re-entred their sister'd men
Then euery foldiour kill his Prisoners,
Giue the word through

LIII

37] re-entred 3

Actus Quintus.

[IV 7]

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely
agaunst the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience
now, is it not?

4

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alue, and the
Cowardly Rafialls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
this slaughter besides they haue burned and caried a-
way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
moft worthily hath caus'd euery foldiour to cut his pri-
soners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

8

Flu. I, hee was borne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*
What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
pig was borne?

12

Gow. *Alexander* the Great

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, on
the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
mous, are all one reckonings, saue the phruse is a litle va-
riations

16

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
Macedon, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
take it.

20

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is
borne

10] prisoner's 3, 4

15 you,] you, 4

16] say eat

Was borne / looke you capitaine *Gower*, /
 And if you looke into the mappes of the worrell well,
 You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmoth*. Looke you, there is
 A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
 In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmoth*,
 Is called *Wye*

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other :
 But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
 And there is Samons in both

Looke you capitaine *Gower*, and you marke it, [34 E 4 v]
 You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*
 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
 Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
 For he neuer killd any of his friends

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
 Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished
 I speake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill
 His friend *Clitus* so our King being in his ripe
 Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
 With the great belly doublet I am forget his name

Gower. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed,
 I can tell you, theres good men boine at *Monmorth*

. . the King and Lords 2
 the King and his
 Lords 3.

Enter King and the Lords.

[p 89]
[col. 1]

24 porne I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of
the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparisons be-
tweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke
you, is both alike There is a Ruer in *Macedon*, & there
is also moreouer a Ruer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at
28 *Monmouth*. but it is out of my prauies, what is the name
of the other Ruer but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers
is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both If you
marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is
32 come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all
things *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations,
36 and also being a little intoxicates in his prames, did in
his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend
Clytus

40 *Gow* Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd
any of his friends

Flu It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished I speak
but in the figures, and comparisons of it as *Alexander*
44 kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes, so
also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wites, and his
good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
great belly doublet he was full of iests, and gypes, and
48 knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name

Gow Sir *John Falstaffe*

Flu That is he Ile tell you, there is good men porne
at *Monmouth*

52 *Gow*. Heere comes his Maesty.

Alarum. Enter King *Harry* and *Burton*
with prisoners *Flourish.*

47] rest, 4

50 *into* in 3

King I was not angry since *I* came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.

Take a trumpet Herald,

52

And ride vnto the horfmen on yon hill

If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,

Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight

56

Will they do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skyr away, as fast

As stones enforst from the old Assirian slings

Besides, wee cut the throats of those we haue,

60

And not one aloue shall taste our meicy.

Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not

That we haue fined these bones of ours for ranfome?

Herald. I come great king for charitable fauour,

To fort our Nobles from our common men,

64

We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,

Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on

[p 89]
[col 1]

King I was not angry since I came to France,
 Vntill this instant Take a Trumpet Herald,
 Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill
 56 If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
 Or voyde the field they do offend our fight
 If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them sker away, as swift as fiones
 60 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings
 Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,
 And not a man of them that we shall take,
 Shall taste our mercy Go and tell them so

Enter Montjoy

64 *Ere* Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
Glow His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King How now, what meannes this Herald ? Know'st 66 *thou'st their*
 thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome?
 68 Com'st thou againe for ranfome?

Her No great King
 I come to thee for charitable Licensse,
 That we may wander ore this bloody field,
 72 To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
 To sort our Nobles from our common men
 For many of our Princes (wee the while)
 Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood
 76 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
 In blood of Princes, and with wounded feedes
 Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
 Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
 80 Killing them twice O giue vs leaue great King,
 To view the field in safety, and dispose
 Of their dead bodies

67 *not* nor 269 *yet a* yet 2

Kim. I tell thee truly Herauld, / I do not know whether
The day be ours or no · / [67. F] 68
For yet a many of your French do keep the field

Hera The day is yours.

Kim Praised be God therefore.

What Cattle call you that ? 72

Hera We call it *Agincourt*

75 *Crispin, Crispianus* 2

Kim. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*.
Fought on the day of *Cryspin, Cryspin*.

Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembred,
Is do good seruice in *France* 76

Kim. Tis true *Flewellen*.

Flew Your Maestie sayes verie true. 80

And it please your Maestie,

The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,

In a garden where Leekes did grow

84 *will take no* will not 2

And I thinke your Maestie wil take no scorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon *S. Dauies* day. 84

Kim. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.

Flew All the water in *Wyte* wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preserue it,
To his graces will and pleasure 88

90 *country-man*91 *country-man* 2*Jesu* 392 *kno* 3

Kim. Thanks good countryman

Flew By Iesus I am your Maesties countryman
I care not who know it, so long as your maestie is an honest
(man) 92

[p 89]

[col 2]

84

Kin I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

85

Her The day is yours.
Kin Praised be God, and not our strength for it
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

92

Her They call it *Agincourt*
King Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

96

Flu Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke
Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought
a most prauie battell here in France

96 a most] most 3, 4

100

Kin They did *Fluellen*.
Flu Your Maiefty sayes very true. If your Maiesties
is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre
is an honourable badge of the seruice And I do beleene
your Maiefty takes no scorn to weare the Leek upon
S Tawes day.

104

King I weare it for a memorable honor.
For I am Welch you know good Countreyman.

108

Flu All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maie-
sties Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that
God plesse it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his
Grace, and his Maiefty too

109 plesse it.] pless, 4

112

Kin. Thanks good my Countrymen
Flu By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I
care not who know it I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
need not to be ashamed of your Maiefty, praised be God
so long as your Maiefty is an honest man.

111] Countryman

114] God, 4

Herauld 2

K God keep me fo Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the scattred French

Exit Herald

Call yonder souldier hither

Flew You fellow: come to the king

Km Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat ?

96

98—101] As prose 3

100 *which*] *the which* 3101 *sworne*] om 3

Soul And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that swagard
With me the other day and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him. [100 F v]
So hath he sworne the like to me

100

102-3 *he keep*] *to keep* 3

104-5] As prose 3

105 *too*] *two* 2.

K How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath ?
Fl And it please your maesty, tis lawfull he keep his vow.
If he be perjur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As tread vpon too blacke shues

104

Km His enemy may be a gentleman of worth

107-8] As prose 3.

Flew And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the duel himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow

108

Km. Well firrha keep your word

Vnder what Captain seruest thou ?

[p 89]
[COL. 2]*King* Good keepe me so*Enter Williams*

Our Herald go with him,

Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts Call yonder fellow hither

120 *Ere* Souldier, you must come to the King*Kin* Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy

Cappe?

124 *Will* And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one
that I should fight withall, if he be aloue.*Kin* An Englishman?128 *Will* And't please your Maiefty, a Rascall that swag-
ger'd with me last night who if aloue, and euer dare to
challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe
a'th ere or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he
swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aloue) I wil
strike it out foundly132 *Kin.* What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this
souldier keepe his oath*Flu.* Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
your Maiefty in my conscience136 *King* It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
sort quite from the answer of his degree.140 *Flu* Though he be as good a Gentleman as the duell is,
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke
your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath If hee
bee perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a
villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd
vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law144 *King.* Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'st
the fellow.*Will* So, I wil my Liege, as I hue.*King.* Who seru'st thou vnder?116 *Good]* *Gloue* 3 4125] *English man* 3129] *o'th' ear* 4133] *oath?*143] *conscience, 4.**Will.*

II4] mit rztme 3

117] *Aranson* *Wave 3*

118 *off. om nis* *from 3*

119 d'om 3.

124 should] wold 3

Soul Under Captaine Gower
Flew Captaine Gower is a good Captaine
 And hath good liltrature in the warres

Kim Go call him hither

Soul. I will my Lord

Exit souldier

Kin. Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I / was
Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helmet, /
Here *Flewellen*, weare it / If any do challenge it,
He is a friend of *Alonsons*, /
And an enemy to mee.

Fle Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour
As can be desired in the hart of his subiects
I would see that man now that should challenge this glorie
And it please God of his grace *I* would but see him,
That is all.

Kin. Flewellen knowst thou *Captaine Gower* ?

Fle. Captaine Gower is my friend.
And if it like your maiestie, *I* know him very well.

Kln. Go call him hither

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiestie.

Kin Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he wears,

it was the fouldiers .

[133—F 2]

It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder
And quickly will returne an injury.

[P 90]
[COL 1]*Will* Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege*Flu.* *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres*King.* Call him hither to me, Souldier152 *Will* I will my Liege.*Exit*

King Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and ficke it in thy Cappe when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme If
156 any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson*, and an enemy to our Person, if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be
160 desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreefd at this Gloue, that is all but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see

164 *King* Know'st thou *Gower*?*Flu* He is my deare friend, and please you*King* Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent168 *Flu.* I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*,
Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles

The Gloue which I haue guen him for a fauour,

172 May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*.

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge

176 By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word,

Some sodaine mischief may arise of it.

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

180 And quickly will returne an iniurie

159] do s 3 does 4

172] ag' teu'd 2 ag' teu'd
3, 4

172] abox 2 oth 4

176 By his] By this 3, 4

*Enter Capitaine Gower.**Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.*

[IV 8]

2] *towards* 3.3] *of*

4. Soul] Flew 2

5 *the the, the*

Go see there be no harme betweene them

Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you fir? / do you know this gloue?

Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*He strikes him*7.] *Gods* 3
his 3.

Flew. Gode plut, and bis

Captain *Gower* stand away
Hee giue treason his due presently.

9] *now* * *Whats* 3*Enter the King, VVarwicke, Clarence, and Eueler*

Kin. How now, what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your Maestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a fommers day.

Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall,

is strike the gloue,

4

8

12

[P 90]
[COL. 1]

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Exunt.

121. no] not 4

[IV 8]

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech
you now, come apace to the King there is more good
toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to
dreaume of

Will Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will I know this, and thus I challenge it

Strikes him

Flu 'Sblud, an arant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-
fall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treason
his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke
Alancons.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God
for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke
you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his
Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
that looke your Grace, ha's frooke the Gloue which

9] 'Sblud, 3 'Sblud, 4.
any 4

14] *Maestie* in person*Alonso* 315] *Maestie*, *Looke* 10 15

3

Which your Maestie / tooke out of the helmet of *Alonso* . /
 And your Maestie will beare me witnes, / and testimony,
 And anouchments, / that this is the gloue. /

16

18] *to* 3

Soul And it please your Maestie, / that was my gloue /
 He that I gaue it too in the night,
 Promised me to weare it in his hat

20

21] *in's* 3

I promised to strike him if he did
 I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
 And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word

24] *man-hood*, 3.

Flew. Your Maestie heares, / vnder your Maesties
 Manhood, / what a beggerly low lie knaue it is. /

24

Kin. Let me see thy gloue / Looke you,
 This is the fellow of it /

It was I indeed you promised to strike

[27 F 2 v]

And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.

28

How canst thou make vs amends?

Flew Let his necke answere it,

If there be any marshalls lawe in the worrell

Soul. My Liege, / all offences come from the heart /
 Neuer came any from mine / to offend your Maestie /

32

34] *me* but as 3

You appeard to me as a common man /

Witnesse the night, your garments, / your lowlineesse,

And whatfoeuer / you receiued vnder that habit, /

36

I beseech your Maestie impute it / to your owne fault

And not mine / For your selfe came not like your selfe /

Had you bene as you seemed, / I had made no offence /

Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me

40

Kin Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,

And gree it to the fouldier / Weare it fellow, /

38] *not* to mine / 3

39] *Seemed* then to me,
 3 *offence*, my gr^{at}
cious Lord, / 3

[p 90]
[COL 2]

28

your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-
son*

32

Will My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow
of it and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to werre
it in his Cappe I promis'd to strike him, if he did I met
this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as
good as my word

36

Flu Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties
Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie
Knaue it is I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie
and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue
of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is gree me, in your Con-
science now.

40

King. Gue me thy Gloue Souldier,
Looke, heere is the fellow of it
'Twas I indeed thou promised't to strike,
And thou hast guen me most bitter termes

44

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere
for it, if there is any Marhall Law in the World.

King How canst thou make me satisfaction?

48

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart ne-
uer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma-
iestie

King It was our selfe thou didst abuse

52

Will Your Maiestie came not like your selfe. you
appea'd to me but as a common man, witnesse the
Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse and what
your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you
take it for your owne fault, and not mine for had you
beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence, therefore I
beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

56

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And gue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

32] *hans*] *hans* *hans* 255] *Man-loo?*38 *Maiestie is*] *Will* *Will* 4.59 *And*] *And* 2

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it
 Give him the crownes Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
 I must needs haue you friends
 / *Flew*. By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
 In his belly. / Harke you souldier, there is a shilling for you, /

47] *sitting* 3

And keep your selfe out of brawles / & brables, & diffentiōs, /
 And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ile none of your money fir, not I.

48] *prutoles*, 3

Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
 Why should you be queamish? / Your shoes are not so good /
 It will serue you to mend your shoes.

51.] *sitting* 3.52] *squeamish* 2.53 *you* com. 2.

Kim. What men of fort are taken vncle?

Exe. *Charles Duke of Orleans*, Nephew to the King
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
 Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
 Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.
 This note doth tell me of ten thousand
 French, that in the field lyes flame.
 Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

56] *Bouchquall*

[61 F 3]

[P 90]
[COL. 2]

And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it Give him the Crownes
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him

64 *Flu* By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
tell enough in his belly Hold, there is twelue-pence for
you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I
warrant you it is the better for you

68 *Will* I will none of your Money

Flu It is with a good will I can tell you it will serue
you to mend your shooes come, wherefore should you
be so pathfull, your shooes is not so good 'tis a good
72 filling I warrant you, or I will change it

Enter Herald

King Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'ed
French

76 *King* What Prisoners of good sort are taken
Vnckle?

Ere *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald*
80 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lye slaine of Princes in this number,
84 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie six added to these,
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thousand and foure hundred of the which,
88 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights
So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,
There are but fixeene hundred Mercenaries
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

65 to serue] serues 3. 4

And

62] *Constable* 3*Charles de le Brute*, he Constable of France.64] *Cresse-bowes*, 3*Iaques of Chatti'han*, Admirall of France65] *Ran'ciures*, 3The Master of the crosse-bowes, *John Duke Ar'ison*66] *Charvillat*, 2Lord *Ran'ciures*, he Master of FranceThe brase sir *Gwergard, D'Alphon* Of *Nolille Chanillas*,67] *Prie* 3.Gran *Prie*, and *Ruffe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Ton**Gerald* and *Veston Vandemant* and *Leftia*

69] King prefixed

Here was a royall fellowship of death

69] *Heres* 3 *death*,

Where is the number of our English dead?

71] *Eve* prefixed*Edward* the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Sutfolk*,

72] line dropped out 2

Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam Eiquer*73] *all the other*, 3

And of all other,

but fise and twentie

74] King prefixed

O God thy arme was here,

And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise

When without strategem,

And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard

77] *euen in* 378] *another*? 3

So great, and litle losse,

on one part and an other

79] *st O God* 3

Take it God, for it is onely thine

Ere Tis wonderfull*King*. Come let vs go on procession through the camp82] *proclaim'd* 3

Let it be death proclaimed to any man,

To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,

Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiesie,

To tell how many is kild?

King Yes *Flewellen*, / but with this acknowledgement, /

That God fought for vs

[P 91]
[COL. 1]

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie
 The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatillon, Admirall of France,
 96 The Master of the Croise-boxes, Lord *Ramlures*,
 Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
John Duke of Alanfon, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
 The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
 100 And *Edward* Duke of Barr of lustie Earles,
Grandpre and *Rouffie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leftrole*
 Here was a Royall fellowship of death
 104 Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
 Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire,
 None elsé of name and of all other men,
 108 But fise and twentie
 O God, thy Arme was heere
 And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
 Ascribe we all when, without stratagem,
 112 But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaille,
 Was euer knowne so great and little losse?
 On one part and on th'other, take it God,
 For it is none but thine.
 116 *Exet* 'Tis wonderfull
King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village
 And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
 To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
 120 Which is his onely
Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiesie, to tell
 how many is kill'd?
King Yes Capitaine but with this acknowledgement,
 124 That God fought for vs.

98] *Anthonio*101] *Fauconbridge* 4.102] *Vandemont*

109] King prefixed

115] *none's* 4.117 me] *we*

90] *Te*91] *enter a 3**Flew* Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum
 The dead with charitie enterred in clay
 Weele then to *Calue*, and to England-then,
 Where nere from *France*, arride more happier men

Exit omnes.

[P 91]
[COL 1]

Flu Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good
King Doe we all holy Rights
 Let there be sung *Non nolis*, and *Te Deum*,
 128 The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay
 And then to Callice, and to England then,
 Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men
Exeunt

[V.]

*Actus Quintus.**Enter Chorus*

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
 That I may prompt them and of such as haue,
 I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
 4 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
 Be here presented. Now we beare the King
 Toward Callice Graunt him there, there scene,
 8 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
 Athwart the Sea Behold the English beach
 Pales in the flood, with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
 Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
 12 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
 Seemes to prepare his way So let him land,
 And solemnly see him fet on to London
 So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
 16 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath
 Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
 His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
 Before him, through the Cite he forbids it,

7], And *there being scene*,10] with *Wives*,11] *deepmouth'd* a

2 *day*] om 3*Enter Gower, and Flewellen.**Gower* But why do you weare your Leeke to day? [1-- F 3 v.]
Saint *Dauides* day is past?*Flew.* There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore,

[V. 1]

[P 91]
[COL. 2]

Being free from van-nesse, and selfe-glorious, pride,
 Guing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
 Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick Forge and working-houise of Thought,
 24 How London doth powre out her Citizen,
 The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
 Like to the Senatours of th'annique Rome,
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
 28 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæsar* in
 As by a lower, but by loung likelyhood,
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
 32 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword,
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
 To welcome him? much more, and much more c. use,
 Did they this *Harry* Now in London place him
 36 As yet the lamentation of the French
 Inuites the King of Englands stay at home
 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
 To order peace betweene them and omit
 40 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France
 There must we bring him, and my selfe haue play'd
 The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past
 44 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
 After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France

Exit

[V 1]

Enter Fluellen and Gower

Gower Nay, that's right but why weare you your
 Leeke to day? *S* *Dauies* day is past

Flu There is occasions and causes why and wherefore

20] *Enter*40] *chan'd, 4*43] *Interim,*2] *Saint*

8] *cell*10 *corus] u. d. 2*13 *a comes] he comes 3*
*Turke-cocke 3*17] *Bedlem 9 3*22] *stomaches, . aff-*
*titles, 3*24] *Cadwallader 3*26] *Base*27] */ But in the meane 3*

The other day looke you, *Pistolles*
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and fault, and bids me
Eate my Leeke . twas in a place, looke you,
Where *I* could moue no discentions
But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him,
A litle of my desires.

Gow Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke

Enter Pistoll.

Flew This no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,
God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
Beggerly, lowfie knaue, God plesse you

Pist Ha, art thou bedlem ?

Dost thou thrust base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web ?
Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of Leeke

Flew Antient *Pistoll* / I would desire you because
It doth not agree / with your stomacke, and your appetite, /
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke

Pist Not for *Cadwallader* and all his goates

Flew. There is one goate for you Antient *Pistol*.

He strikes him.

Pist. Bace Troyan, thou shall dye

Flew. I, I know I shall dye, / meane time, I would
Desire you / to lue and eate this Leeke. /

[p. 91]
[col. 2]

in all things I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine
Gower, the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragg
Knaue Pytoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
 8 merits hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
 fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke
 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
 with him, but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
 12 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
 piece of my desires.

Enter Pytoll

Gower Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-
 cock

16 *Flu* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-
 cocks God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll* you scurue low-
 fie Knaue, God plesse you

16] swelling, 4

17] plesse you] plesse 3, 4.

18] blasse 3, 4

Pyft Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
 20 Trojan, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence,
 I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke

Flu I pefeech you heartily, scurue lowfie Knaue, at
 my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
 24 looke you, this Leeke, because, looke you, you doe not
 loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
 disgfections doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
 to eate it.

26] does 4.

28 *Pyft* Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats

Flu There is one Goat for you *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?

Pyft Base Trojan, thou shalt dye

32 *Flu.* You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
 will is I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
 eate your Victuals come, there is sawce for it You
 call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
 you

35] yester dady 2

29] *him*, it is enough 3.

31] *nights* too, *but* 3

After 35] He makes Ancient Pistol bite of the Leeke [in one line] 3

Gower. Inough Captaine, / you haue astonisht him /
Flew. Astonisht him, / by Iesu, Ile beate his head
 Foure dayes, / and foure nights, but Ile
 Make him / eate some part of my Leeke. /

32

Pist Well must I byte ? [33—F 4.]

Flew I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities
 You must byte.

Pist. Good good

36

Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll* /
 There is a shilling for you / to heale your bloody coxcome

38] Looke you now, *there*
 is a shilling for you 3
 39] *shilling* ? 2

Pist Me a shilling

Flew. If you will not take it,
 I haue an other Leeke for you

40

Pist I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

43] / I will 3

Flew. If I owe you any thing, / ile pay you in cudgels, /
 You shalbe a woodmonger,

44

45] *And* buy *cudgels*
 And so God be with you,
 3.
 46.] *please* 3

And by cudgels, God bwy you,
 Antient *Pistoll*, God blesse you,
 And heale your broken pate
 Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other tyme,
 Mocke at them, that is all · God bwy you

48

Exit Flewellen.

Pist All hell shall stir for this

[p. 92]
[col. 1]

you to day a squire of low degree I pray you fall too, if
you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him

40 *Flu* I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke,
or I will peate his pate foure dayes bite I pray you, it is
good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Cove-
combe

Pist Must I bite

44 *Flu* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que-
stion too, and ambiguities

Pist By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I
eate and eate I sweare

48 *Flu* Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce
to your Leeke there is not enough Leeke to sweare by

Pist Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

52 *Flu* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your
broken Coxcombe, when you take occasions to see
Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

56 *Flu* I, Leeques is good hold you, there is a groat to
heale your pate

Pist Me a groat?

60 *Flu* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue
another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge

64 *Flu* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
gels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
me but cudgels. God buy you, and keepe you, & heale
your pate

Exit

Pist All hell shall stirre for this

68 *Gow* Go, go, you are a counterfeist cowardly Knaue,
will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an

35] *too to*

43] *bite?*

46] *revenge*

47] *eat and, eat, 4*

64] *Gud 3, 4*

67] *Knaue, 2*

51] *huswife* 3.52] *loynes* 356] *slight* 3.60] *got* 2.1.] *met*, 32] *brother*4] *stocke*,

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now ?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines ?

Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainlyThat Doll is sicke One mallydie of *France*,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug

Bawd will I turne, and vie the flyte of hand .

To England will I steale, || And there Ile steale

And patches will I get vnto these skarres,

And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres

Exit Pistoll.

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords And at
the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the
Duke of Burbon, and others*

Harry. Peace to this meeting, / wherefore we are met. /And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day [1—F 4 v]Faire health vnto our louely coufen *Katherine*

And as a branch, and member of this stock

We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*.

Fran. Brother of *England*, / right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, /

so are we Princes English every one

52

56

60

[V. 2]

4

[p. 92]
[col. 1]

honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée
of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
any of your words I haue seene you gleeeking & galling
72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice You thought, because
he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell you finde it o-
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
76 you a good English condition, fare ye well *Exit*

Pist Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now
Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-
dy of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off
80 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
Cudgeld Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
Cut-purse of quicke hand To England will I steale, and
there Ile steale

84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres *Exit*

54] *cudgeld* 3. 485] *swear* 3. 4

[V. 2]

*Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
and other Lords At another, Queene Isabel,
the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and
other French*

Bourgogne 2 *Burgogne* 3,

King Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met,
Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister
Health and faire time of day Ioy and good wishes
4 To our most faire and Princely Cosine *Katherine*
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriud,
We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
8 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all

1] *are we* 3. 47] *Burgogne*, 2, 4 *Bur-*
gogne, 3

Fra Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fauely met,
So are you Princes (English) euery one.

10 *fauely*] *faire* 2 *fair*
3. 4
11] (*English* one) 4

8 *both*] om 3

Duk With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demanda
What iud or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace ?

8

[p 92]
[c. l. 2]

Quee So happy be the Issue brother Ireland
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
 Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
 16 In them against the French that met them in their bent,
 The fatall Balls of murdering Basiliskes
 The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
 Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day
 20 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue
Eng To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare
Quee You English Princes all, I doe salute you.
Burg My dutie to you both, on equall loue
 24 Great Kings of France and England that I haue labour'd
 With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeours,
 To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties
 Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview,
 28 Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse
 Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
 That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
 You haue congregated let it not disgrace me,
 32 If I demand before this Royall view,
 What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
 Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
 Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births,
 36 Should not in this best Garden of the World,
 Our fertile France, put vp her lovely Visage?
 Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
 40 Corrupting in it owne fertilitie
 Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Vnpruned, dyes · her Hedges euen pleach'd,
 Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
 44 Put forth disorder'd Twigs her fallow Leas,

12 Ireland] *England*
 15, 16] *Your . in them /*
At first
bent, [so arranged
 2, 3, 4]
27] *Bar,* 3, 440] *it's* 3, 4-42] *even, pleach'd* 3, 4-

Har If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,

You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.

[p 92]
[col. 2]

48 The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rufts,
That should deracinate fuch Sauagery ·
The euen Meade, that erft brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke,
Concerues by idleneffe, and nothing teemes,
52 But hatefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kekfyes, Burres,
Loofing both beaute and vltitie,
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneffe.
56 Euen fo our Houfes, and our felues, and Children,
Haue loft, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that fhould become our Countrey,
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
60 That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and fterne Lookes, defu'd Attire,
And every thing that feemes vnnaturall
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
64 You are affembled and my fpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell thefe inconueniences,
And bleffe vs with her former qualities
68 *Eng.* If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whofe want grues growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited, you muft buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iuft demands,
72 Whofe Tenures and particular effects
You haue enſchedul'd briefly in your hands.
Burg. The King hath heard them to the which, as yet
There is no Anfwer made
76 *Eng.* Well then · the Peace which you before fo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anfwer :

45] *Fam. 101, v, 4.*

52] *Kekfyes, 3. 4*

53] *Loofing*

59 *grow]* *grow 2*

61] *diffu'd 3, 4*

68] *Burgony*

France I

15] *cursorary* 3

16] *Ore viewd them* 2.
Ore-viewd them, 3

Fran We haue but with a curfenary eye,
 Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace,
 To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,

16

We shall returne our peremptory answere
Har Go Lords, and fit with them,
 And bring vs answere backe

20

Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.

22 *With-all* 2

Exit French King 3
Harry *Harry* 2 *King*
Henry 3

France Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords *Manet*, *Harry*, *Katherine*,
and the Gentlewoman

[p. 93]
[col 1]

80 *France* I haue but with a curielane eye
 O're-glanc't the Articles Pleaseth your Grace
 To appoint some of your Councell presently
 To fit with vs once more, with better heed
 To re-furuey them, we will suddenly
 Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer
 84 *England* Brother we shall Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
 And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
 88 And take with you free power, to ratifie,
 Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes best
 Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,
 Any thing in or out of our Demands,
 And wee'le configne thereto Will you, faire Sister,
 92 Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?
Quee Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them
 Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
 When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on
 96 *England* Yet leaue our Cousin *Katherine* here with vs
 She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
 Within the fore-ranke of our Articles
Quee. She hath good leaue *Exeunt omnes*

Manet King and Katherine

100 *King* Faire *Katherine*, and most faire,
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
 Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
 And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart
 104 *Kath.* Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
 your *England*.
King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me foundly
 with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
 fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue Doe you

78] *curielane*
 79] *O're glanc't*

85] *you* om

94] *Happily* 2, 3 *Haply*
 4

100 *and*] om. 3, 4.106.] *you* 2

23 Hate] Kate 2 Hat
3

Hate. Now *Kate*, / you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you. /

24

25] *Leape-frog*, 3

If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any

28

[P 93]
[COL 1]like me, *Kate*?*Kath* Pardon me, I cannot tell what is like me112 *King* An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell*Kath* *Que dit il que le suis semblable a les Anges?**Lady* Ouy verayment (*Sauf vostre Grace*) ainsi dit il

114] verament

116 *King* I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush to affirme it*Kath* O lon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de tromperies120 *King*. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

119] om 4

Lady Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits · dat is de Princeesse

121] langues

124 *King* The Princeesse is the better English-woman yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou would'st thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my

125] woulst 3

128 Crowne I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you, then if you vrge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my sute Giue me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargain how say you, *Lady*?

131] om 3, 4

132 *Kath* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me vnderstand well

133] honcur,

136 *King* Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me for the one I haue neither words nor measure, and for the other, I haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe, vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife Or if I might buffet for my

139] vaulting 3, 4

34] *sunburning* 239] *beard* Kate 341] *France* 242] *It is* 3

But leauing that *Kate*,
 If thou takeft me now,
 Thou fhalt haue me at the worft [32--G] 32
 And in wearing, thou fhalt haue me better and better,
 Thou fhalt haue a face that is not worth fun-burning
 But dooft thou thinke, that thou and I,
 / Betweene Saint *Denis*, 36
 And Saint *George*, / fhall get a boy,
 That fhall goe to *Constantinople*, /
 And take the great Turke by the beard, / ha *Kate*? /

[See quarto
 lines 82,
 83, 84,
 85, 86,
 87, 88]

[See quarto
 lines 89,
 90, 91, 92]

Kate. Is it poffible dat me fall 40
 Loue de enemie de *France*
Harry No *Kate*, / tis vnpoſſible
 You ſhould loue the enemie of *France* · /
 For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well, 44

[p. 93]
[col. 2]

144 Loue, or bound my Horfe for her fauours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and fit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off But
before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation,
148 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer viſe till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow
of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ning? that neuer lookes in his Glaſſe, for loue of any
thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake
to thee plaine Souldier If thou canſt loue me for this,
152 take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true, but
for thy loue, by the L No yet I loue thee too And
while thou lu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
vncoynd Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right,
156 becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places for
theſe fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues
into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues
out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
160 but a Ballad, a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will
ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
164 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone, for it
ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe
truly If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and
take me; take a Souldier. take a Souldier, take a King
168 And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of
Fraunce?

172 *King* No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Ene-
mie of France, *Kate*, but in louing me, you ſhould loe
the Friend of France. for I loue France ſo well, that I

145] us' a 3, 4

150 thy' the 4

157] hams. 7c 4

172 302] that you 3, 4

That Ile not leaue a Village, || Ile haue it all mine then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine, || And I am your,
Then *France* is yours, || And you are mine.

Kate I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No *Kate*, || Why Ile tell it you in French.

Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a brde
On her new married Husband.

Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed

Quan *France* et mon || *Kate* Dat is, when *France* is yours.

Harry Et vous ettes amoy || *Kate*. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous

Kate Den *France* fall be mine.

Harry. Et le fuyes a vous

Kate. And you will be to me

Har Wilt beleue me *Kate* ? tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdome, / thē to speak so much
More French /

[67—G v]

Kate. A your Maiefty / has falsē *France* inough
To deceiue / de best Lady in *France* /

Harry. No faith *Kate* not I / But *Kate*,

In plaine termes, / do you loue me ?

Kate I cannot tell.

Harry No, can any of your neighbours tell ?

Ile aske them || Come *Kate*, I know you loue me

And soone when you are in your cloisset,

Youle question this Lady of me.

But I pray thee sweete *Kate*, vse me mercifully,

Because I loue thee cruelly.

[See quaito
ll. 35-6.]

52] *Kate* 2.
53] *ist om* 3

56] *Dennis* 2

68] *enough* 3.

70] But *Kate* prethes tell
me in &c 3
71] I Dost thou 3

48

52

56

60

64

68

72

76

[P 93]
[COL. 2]

176

will not part with a Village of it, I will haue it all mine
and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath I cannot tell wat is dat.

180

King. No, *Kate* ? I will tell thee in French, which I am
fure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off, *le*
quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le pos-
session de moy (Let mee see, what then ? Saint *Dennis* bee
my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne*
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vlesse it be to laugh at me.

188

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il*
& meheus que l' Anglois le quel le parle.

189] *melius* 3. 4

192

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must
needes be graunted to be much at one But *Kate*, doo'st
thou vnderstand thus much English ? Canst thou loue
mee ?

Kath. I cannot tell.

196

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate* ? Ile
aske them. Come, I know thou louest me and at night,
when you come into your Closet, you'le question this
Gentlewoman about me, and I know, *Kate*, you will to
her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your
heart. but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princess, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
best mine, *Kate*, as I haue a fauing Faith within me tells
me thou shalt, I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,

203 a] om 3. 4

204

k

that

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure
 But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer
 What Wench,
 A straigh't backe will growe crooked
 A round eye will growe hollowe.
 A great leg will waxe small,
 A child pate proue balde
 But a good heart *Kate*, is the sun and the moone,
 And rather the Sun and not the Moone
 And therefore *Kate* take me,
 Take a souldier take a souldier,
 Take a lagg

80

84

88

[See quarto

ll. 31-3]

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?

92

[p. 94]
[col. 1]

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by
the Beard Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire
Flower-de-Luce

Kate I doe not know dat

212 *King.* No 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise :
doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your
French part of such a Boy, and for my English moietye,
take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
216 you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deure*
deesse

Kath. Your Maiestie aue faulſe Frenche enough to
deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce

220 *King.* Now fye vpon my false French by mine Honor
in true English, I loue thee *Kate*, by which Honor, I dare
not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat-
ter me, that thou doo'st, notwithstanding the poore and
224 vntempering effect of my Visage Now beshrew my
Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-
borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
228 to wooe Ladies, I fright them but in faith *Kate*, the el-
der I wax, the better I shall appeare My comfort is, that
Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
spoyle vpon my Face Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
232 the worst, and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
better and better and therefore tell me, most faire *Ka-
therine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
236 an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of
England, I am thine which Word thou shalt no sooner
blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng-
land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry*
240 *Plantaginet* is thine, who, though I speake it before his

215] *Damoiseil* 3. 4.219] *Damoiseil* 3. 4.223] *Act. 5.*, yet *norm.* 3. 4.234 *your*] *these* 3. 4.

93 *the* *de* 3.*Kate.* Dat is as please the King my father.*Harry.* Nay it will please himNay it fhall please him *Kate*96 *you* *thee* 3And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you

96

99] *fauor**Ka.* O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke chosſe
Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fashion en four

Harry. What faies ſhe Lady ?101] *in* 3*Lady.* Dat it is not de faſion en *France*,

For de maides, before da be married to

[102—G 3]

103] *Ma* 2

May foy ie oblye, what is to baffie ?

105] *France**Har* To kis, to kis. / O that tis not the
Faſhion in *France*, / for the maydes to kis
Before they are married /*Lady* Owye ſee votree grace*Har.* Well, weelee breake that cuſtome.

100

104

108

[P 94]
[COL. 1]

244 Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt
finde the best King of Good-fellowes Come your An-
swer in broken Musick, for thy Voyce is Musick, and
thy English broken Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*,
breake thy minde to me in broken English, wilt thou
haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere*
248 *King* Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please
him, *Kate*

Kath Den it fall alio content me
King Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
252 Queene

Kath *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may fuy* *Je ne*
veus point que vous alaisse vostre grandens, en baysant le
main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruteur excuse moy. Je
256 *vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur*

King Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate*.

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baise deuant*
leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce

260 *King* Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of
Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en English.

King. To kisse
264 *Lady* Your Maestee *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. It is not a fashon for the Maids in Fraunce to
kisse before they are marryed, would she say?

Lady *Ouy verayment*

268 *King* O *Kate*, nice Customes cursie to great Kings.
Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the
weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashon wee are the ma-
kers of Manners, *Kate*, and the libertie that followes
272 our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I
will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashon of your

250] shall 3, 4.

254] grandeur,

256] supply

258] baise

261 it] om 3, 4 not to
be 4262] what 4
English 3, 4.

265] Is it 3, 4.

Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld
 Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
 In your kiſſes
 And may perſwade with me more,
 Then all the French Councell.
 Your father is returned

112

Kings 3

*Enter the King of France, and
 the Lordes*

[P 94]
[col 2]

Country, in denying me a Kisse therefore patiently,
and yeelding You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,
Kate there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of
them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell, and
they should sooner perswade *Harry* of Eugland, then a
generall Petition of Monarchs Heere comes your
Father.

*Enter the French Power, and the English
Lords*

Burg God saue your Maestie, my Royall Cousin,
teach you our Princesse English?

King I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how
perfectly I loue her, and that is good English

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condi-
tion is not smooth so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor
the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp
the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true
likenesse

Burg Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer
you for that If you would coniure in her, you must
make a Circle if coniure vp Loue in her in his true
likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde Can you
blame her then, being a Maid, yet ro'd ouer with the
Virgin Crumson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance
of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were
(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne
to.

King Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind
and enforces

Burg They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see

285 *pro*] on 3. 4296] *appearance* 3. 4

117] *ordered* 3.

How now my Lords?

France Brother of England,

We haue orered the Articles,

And haue agreed to all that we in fedule had

116

[P 94]
[col. 2]

304

not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to
consent winking

308

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you
will teach her to know my meaning for Mades well
Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholo-
mew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then
they will endure handling, which before would not abide
looking on.

312

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot
Summer, and so I shall catch the Flye, your Cousin, in
the latter end, and shee must be blinde to

316

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is so and you may, some of you, thanke
Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire
French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my
way.

320

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perspec-
tively the Cities turn'd into a Maid, for they are
all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath en-
tred

324

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

328

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you
talke of, may wait on her so the Maid that stood in
the way for my With, shall shew me the way to my
Will

332

France. Wee haue consented to all termes of rea-
son

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted euery Article
His Daughter first, and in sequene, all,
According to their firme proposed natures

305] *consent to winking*312] *lines 3. 4*

324 England] King

334] *and then in*

119 *hiz*] to *his* 2

Eve Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiestie demaunds,
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme
And with this addition in French

120

125] *d' Angleterre* 3

Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglatenne,
E heare de France And thus in Latin
Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie

124

127-8] *Anglice* *Francie*
3

Fran Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same

128

132] *recourse* 2

Har Why then let this among the rest,

Haue his full course And withall,

Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage

[133—G 3 v]

132

Fran This and what else,

Your maiestie shall craue

God that disposeth all, gree you much 10y [Fol ll. 359-60]

136

Har Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come gree me thy hand

139] *marriage* 3

Our marriage will we present solemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue

140

[P 95]
[COL. 1]

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this
Where your Maestie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Grant, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d Angleterre*
340 *Henetere de France.* and thus in Latine, *Præclarissimus*
Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ
France. Nor this I haue not Brother to deny'd,

344 But your request shall make me let it passe
England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter
348 *France.* Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
352 May cease their hatred, and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes. that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

356 *Lords* Amen
King. Now welcome *Kate* and beare me witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene
Flourish.

360 *Quee.* God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,
[COL. 2] Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
365 Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League
That English may as French, French Englishmen,

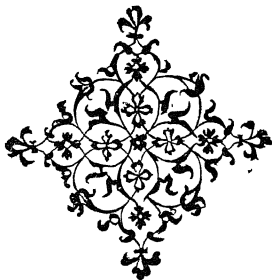
338 *2, 3, 4*340 *1 Roy, 2, 3 Roy, 4*353 *Not courted*365 *Passion 3, 4*367 *English men 3, 4*

142] 22

Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee

142

FINIS.



[G 4.]

[P 95]
[col 2]

Receive each other God ſpeake this Amen

*All Amen**King* Prepare we for our Marriage on which day,

My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath

And all the Peeres, for ſuretie of our Leagues

Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,

And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rou, be

*Senet.**Exeunt*

370 2. 4. om 3. 4.

Sonet

Enter Chorus

Thus farre with rough, and all-ynable Pen,

Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,

In little roome conſining mightie men,

Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory

Small time but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued

This Starre of England Fortune made his Sword,

By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued

And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King

Of France and England, did this King ſucceed

Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,

That they loſt France, and made his England bleed

Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne, and for their ſake,

In your faire minds let this acceptance take

8] *Lord,*12.] *make*

F I N I S

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever
ſufficient ſpace is left]

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